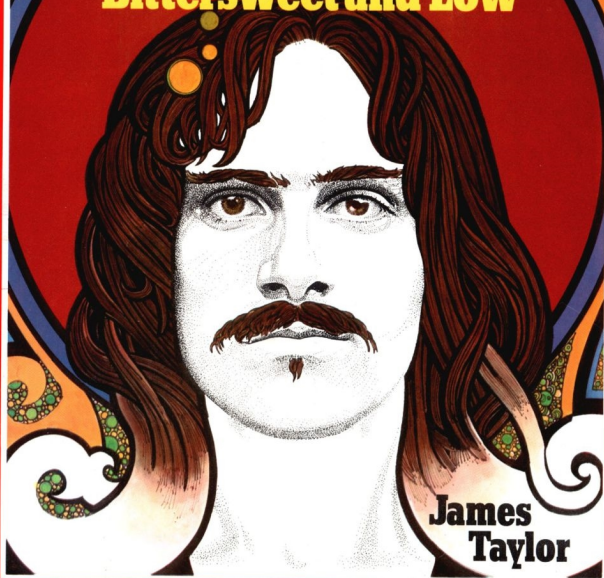


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Taylor**

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Chassis numbers:

- 91 922-138 554
1. Solex carburetor introduced as standard equipment
2. Starting crank hole dropped



1950

Chassis numbers:

- 138 555-220 471
1. Hydraulic brakes introduced
2. Ash trays introduced
3. Fuel mixture heating device introduced



1951

Chassis numbers:

- 220 473-313 629
1. Chrome garnish molding added to windshield
2. Vent flaps added to front-quarter body panels



1952

Chassis numbers:

- 313 629-428 156
1. Glove compartment gets door
2. Window crank makes 31½ turns, formerly 10½
3. 2nd, 3rd and 4th gears synchronized



1953

Chassis numbers:

- 428 157-514 414
1. Oval, one-piece rear window replaces split window



1954

Chassis numbers:

- 514 415-722 934
1. Break-in driving requirement dropped for engine
2. Increased horsepower



1955

Chassis numbers:

- 722 935-829 745
1. Flashing directional indicators mounted low on front fenders replace the semaphore turn indicators



1956

Chassis numbers:

- 829 746-934 818
1. Chromed dual tail pipes added
2. Adjustable front seat backs
3. Larger luggage space



1957

Chassis numbers:

- 934 819-1 600 438
1. Tubeless tires
2. Better heat distribution



1958

Chassis numbers:

- 1 600 440-2 007 815
1. Brake drums and shoes widened for faster, surer stops
2. Rear window and windshield enlarged



1959

Chassis numbers:

- 2 007 816-3 538 667
1. Stronger clutch springs
2. Improved fan belt
3. Frame reinforced for greater strength



1960

Chassis numbers:

- 3 538 668-3 192 506
1. Seat back contoured for greater comfort
2. Generator output increased



1961

Chassis numbers:

- 3 192 507-4 010 994
1. Increased horsepower
2. Transmission synchronized in all forward speeds



1962

Chassis numbers:

- 4 010 995-4 646 835
1. Brighter taillights
2. Spring loaded hood



1963

Chassis numbers:

- 4 646 836-5 677 118
1. Foam insulated floor
2. Fresh air heating
3. Leatherette headliner introduced



1964

Chassis numbers:

- 5 677 119-6 522 389
1. Crank-operated sliding steel sunroof replaces the fabric sunroof



1965

Chassis numbers:

- 6 522 390-115 879 200
1. Windows enlarged
2. Heater improved



1966

Chassis numbers:

- 115 880 001-116 1 021 298
1. Increased horsepower
2. Emergency blinker switch



1967

Chassis numbers:

- 116 1 022 001-117 844 882
1. Increased horsepower again
2. Dual brake system



1968

Chassis numbers:

- 117 845 000-118 1 016 098
1. Optional automatic Stick Shift introduced



1969

Chassis numbers:

- 118 1 017 001-119 1 093 704
1. Ignition/steering lock
2. Day/night rearview mirror



1970

Chassis numbers:

- 119 1 094 001-120 3 095 945
1. Increased horsepower



1971

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LETTERS

No Way to Tell

Sir: Until the Government appropriates sufficient amounts for welfare [Feb. 8], there will be no way to tell if poverty is a matter of inadequate funds or a matter of life-style and culture. Until the poor are given the opportunity to live and participate in the mainstream of American life, there will be no way to determine whether the poor are inherently lazy and unmotivated or whether a substandard environment and an inferior social position have influenced their actions.

MARC MCKENNA
Hamilton, N.Y.

Sir: Your article on welfare was enlightening in several respects. However, a prevalent "myth" you did not dispel is this: so many families on the dole keep right on having children, thus abusing, complicating and perpetuating the deplorable welfare situation.

ALAN D. MURRAY
Piscataway, N.J.

Sir: You contribute to the hypocrisy of welfare by implying that Americans believe in the Protestant ethic. No one refuses or is ashamed to accept welfare if it is disguised by euphemisms such as "benefit," "grant," "loan," "subsidy," "tariff," "tax deduction," etc., etc. Every American and most industries are on one form of welfare or another.

The basic obstacle to the solution of the welfare problem is the conflict between those people who feel that the poor are at fault and should be punished for their misfortune and those of us who feel that society is at fault and should be held responsible for both creating and correcting the problem.

WILLIAM M. HENRIKSEN
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir: The poor who turn to welfare for help often do find the assistance that they were looking for. The Italian immigrant who with the help of her social worker is able to mobilize the responsive offices of Government to help reunite her family and leave the assistance rolls. The mother who with the encouragement of her social worker is able to complete her education and become a teacher in the local school system. The drug addict, the alcoholic, the people whom society and many other social agencies have given up on. The welfare rolls contain these stories also.

Public welfare has more than its share of problems, but for many it is the last place they can turn and the only place that will help.

JAMES W. PARKER
Supervisor of Social Service
Massachusetts Dept. of Public Welfare
Framingham, Mass.

Sir: What government, at all levels, needs to do is get off of this do-gooding spree and into a do-it-yourself line.

ALFA KENT
Austin, Texas

Sir: When we were growing up, my dad conceived a plan by which we children would have incentive to earn those things we wanted. Whatever money we earned or saved toward purchasing a desired object would be matched by him. Why not a similar plan applied to the welfare system? Anyone going off welfare by getting

a job could have his first month's salary matched 100%. After that, his second- to sixth-month's salary would be matched 50%. From six months to a year, 10% of his salary would be matched. This money would be held in trust for him, and if he stayed off welfare for a specified period of time (say, three to five years), he would receive this money as a gift. If he went back on welfare the money being held in trust would be used to make his welfare payments.

(MRS.) BETTY RUBIN
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

The Simple Road

Sir: Thanks for returning the biker [Feb. 8] and his bike from the fantasies of being a neurotic, erotic, psychotic and of course quixotic animal to the simple road of reality on which he usually rides.

PHILIP C. PICKERTON
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sir: At long last someone has exposed the evil myth surrounding motorcycles. It is unfortunate in our society that people who rebel against conformity (in this case automobiles) must be looked down upon as degenerates. Mr. Hughes has accurately expressed the feelings of 3,000,000 people. To you, sir, I doff my helmet.

MARK W. SWANSON
West Hartford, Conn.

Sir: Friends had me convinced that I had a gear or two out of mesh when I developed a strong interest in motorcycles. Robert Hughes did a fine job of explaining what happened to me.

LOREN A. RADKE
Park Rapids, Minn.

Sir: Your Essay really turned me off on motorcycles. The truth is that motorcycles are horrendously loud and that most of the big-bike owners I know think this is a symbol of their masculinity.

Anyone who can have an "intimate relationship" with a machine needs help.

MARY ANN FLEISHER
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sir: "Myth of the Motorcycle Hog" was read with interest at the Naval Safety Center, where romance of the open road is not of the same concern as statistics.

Death rate of naval personnel in motorcycle accidents increased by 29% in 1970. The cyclist is more vulnerable in collisions because he does not have the protection that an auto affords. Road conditions, skills, reflexes and operator training are all more critical in driving a two-wheel vehicle. As you say, it may be antisocial. We wish it were safer.

W.E. SIMMONS
Captain, U.S.N.
Naval Safety Center
Naval Air Station
Norfolk

Matter of License

Sir: Let us clarify the statement in your story on the tanker collision [Feb. 1] that "the Standard tankers had no pilots."

The fact is that both vessels had licensed pilots aboard. The masters of Standard's seagoing vessels entering and leaving San Francisco Bay are qualified, experienced and licensed San Francisco Bay pilots, holding federal pilotage licenses is-

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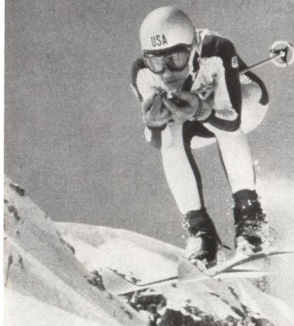
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sued by the U.S. Coast Guard. This license qualifies the holder to navigate a ship on the waters of San Francisco Bay and the San Francisco Bar in compliance with state and federal laws.

Your statement that "most other shipping had been suspended during the fog" is not factual. During the period of fog, a total of seven other vessels entered or sailed from San Francisco Bay. There were no other vessels scheduled to sail or arrive during that period.

L.C. FORD
 President
 Chevron Shipping Company
 San Francisco

Laser Off the Beam

Sir: As one of the Wasp group that Norman Mailer [Feb. 8] has attacked with such venom, may I say that I resent being lumped into a segment of society that is so widely diversified that it links the richest with the poorest and the sometimes not-so-saintly with the so-called very angelic crowd.

I resent his narrow-minded attack and I suspect that Mr. Mailer may belong to a group known as BLAH. The acoustic for this is Bigoted Liberal And How. Now this is no reflection on the honest liberal who thinks for himself and allows others that privilege, but only applies to the type of thinking that Mr. Mailer has projected, which in itself is barbaric and profoundly nihilistic.

Mr. Mailer's laser is off the beam.
 (MRS.) NAOMI H. BARNARD
 Augusta, Ga.

Sir: These days we give center stage to anyone who will kick us in the teeth, nationally speaking. If this is an age of awakened soul-searching, it is also an age of

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masochism. Hence vicious opportunists and sadists like Mailer become the golden boys of the age.

(MRS.) PATRICIA ATKINSON
Seattle

Sticks in the Mind

Sir: In your story "Lemon-Aid, Nader Style" [Feb. 8] there is a reference to *Road & Track* publishing a story of a man's 14-month diary of his "lemon."

We appreciate the apparent fact that *Road & Track* sticks in the minds of your staff to a degree that would cause our name to be used instead of the correct one, but we resent the implication that we were a part of this particular event. *Road & Track* has consistently criticized the auto industry when we thought it deserved it, but we don't want credit, or blame, for someone else's objections.

JOHN R. BOND
President
Bond Publishing Co.
Newport Beach, Calif.

Jellied Thigh

Sir: The hot pants design [Feb. 1] is an obvious and frenzied subterfuge on designers' part, aimed at further discrediting short fashions and finally establishing the still-born midi, thus maintaining fashion's faltering and sweaty grasp on the American dollar. Even Time's pictorial couldn't save the attractive girls from the jellied-thigh look. The love for the greasy tilt has produced yet another fumble.

FRANK AND BONNIE WHIGHAM
San Diego

Sir: Heaven help us of the Then Generation, for obviously the fashion designers will not. Have they forgotten that we Thens still wear clothes and pay real money for them? The consensus in the world of designers seems to be that if you are over 25 (or, alas, over 50) you might as well assume a horizontal position and shut your mouth—you're dead.

(MRS.) EVA WATSON
Golconda, Ill.

Sir: Now that we've seen the hot pants, could we please have a second crack at the midi? It makes more sense now.

BETTY CURRY
Wiesbaden, Germany

Sir: Well really! Hot pants have been the cool thing in New Zealand for at least 20 years.

DIANE GREIG
Gisborne, New Zealand

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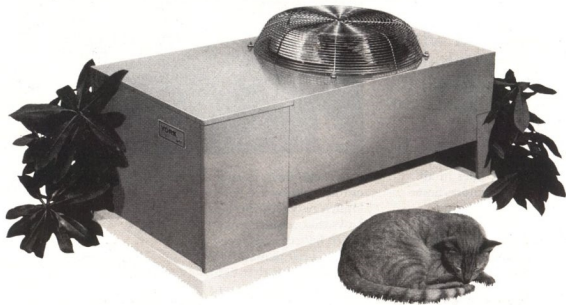


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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

THE plan for a cover story on Singer-Guitarist James Taylor and his tal-
ented family got under way last month when TIME's Music Critic Wil-
liam Bender attended a brilliant performance by the young musician at
New York's Philharmonic Hall. Later that evening, Bender and Reporter-
Researcher Rosemarie Tauris Zadikow talked with Taylor for two hours
at an East Side apartment. "James is not given to gibberish," says Bender.
"As in his songs, he doesn't say anything he doesn't know to be true.
He's a man very sure of his own mind and fiercely brilliant. I came
away full of respect."

Shortly thereafter, Bender flew to Los Angeles to observe Taylor as
he put the finishing touches on his new album, *Mud Slide Slim*. After
the recording session they repaired to Manager Peter Asher's house for
more talk into the small hours of the morning. "It was a little like *Night
Beat*," recalls Bender, "sitting at a table with a tape recorder in the mid-
dle, cigarette smoke curling round a light bulb overhead."

DAVID GALT

Meanwhile, Rosemarie Zadikow
went to Washington, D.C., to in-
terview James Taylor's older brother
Alex and to hear him perform at
the Cellar Door in Georgetown. Bos-
ton Correspondent Philip Taubman
talked with several of Taylor's friends
and traveled to Martha's Vineyard
to see Younger Brother Hugh Tay-
lor, Alex's wife Brent and her 31-
year-old son, "Sweet Baby" James.
In Los Angeles, Sandra Burton in-
terviewed Sister Kate Taylor, Asher
and Fellow Musicians Carole King
and Danny Kootch. Atlanta Correspondent Peter Range journeyed to Chap-
el Hill, N.C., to visit with Mother Trudy Taylor about everything from
her son's tree-climbing habits to her daughter Kate's budding car-
eer. He interviewed the singer's father, Dr. "Ike" Taylor, the busy dean
of the University of North Carolina Medical School, by flying with him
to Chicago one evening.

BENDER LISTENING TO TAYLOR

The cover story is accompanied by a chart, "An Informal Genealogy"
of rock, which was drawn by Artist John Huebnergerth, in collaboration
with Senior Editor Timothy Foote and Critic Bender. With the help of
Maps Researcher Nina Lihn, they sorted out the hundreds of pop, coun-
try and blues groups of the last four decades in order to show the major
lines of development and influence. "It's finally all come together—pop,
folk, country, rock and even some jazz," says Bender. "And musically,
James Taylor is right where the new rock is."

Readers may purchase a 24-in. by 36-in. reproduction of "An In-
formal Genealogy," printed in two colors on heavy poster paper, by send-
ing \$2 in check or money order to TIME Posters, Dept. A, Post Office
Box 153, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.

The Cover: A drawing in inks and tempera by J.H. Breslow.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Fatal Understandings

The theory of "convergence," most notably propounded by dissident Soviet Physicist Andrei Sakharov, argues that the U.S. and the Soviet Union are moving increasingly together, the result of their common thrall to similar technological, military and environmental problems. Perhaps so, said Georgy Arbatov, head of Russia's United States Institute and Moscow's leading America watcher, on a recent visit to California's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. But Arbatov disagrees with those who believe that convergence must somehow serve to improve international relations.

"I do not believe it would at all," he said. "We have a number of examples in history where it was precisely the similar societies that had the worst relations. The First World War began among similar countries, not those that had basic differences. Take the Christians. In their relations with Buddhists and pagans, they simply tried to convert them. Sometimes ruthlessly, of course. But when there was controversy within the Christian world, it led to the most terrible of wars."

Arbatov confessed: "I don't want to make an absolute law for international relations out of it—especially in view of some neighbors we have," presumably meaning those troublesome Chinese. His theory is a sort of global extension of the fact that most murders occur with-

in families or close circles of acquaintances. It also contains a beguilingly sinister suggestion that mutual understanding, that canon of civilized thought, can be fatal.

Union Is to Whiteness As . . .

In order to gain admission the applicant is asked, among other things, the relationship of Shakespeare to *Othello*, Dante to the *Inferno*, Brahms to music, and Whitman to poetry. He must understand such words as debutante and modiste, know that Dali is a painter and verity is the opposite of myth. Only after having established such credentials is a man judged to be qualified under the union rules to become an apprentice steam fitter in New York. In the past, the test has weeded out 66% of the nonwhite applicants and only 18% of the whites—a fairly effective method, according to charges filed last week by the New York State attorney general's office, of preserving the union's whiteness. On this particular test, one of four an applicant must pass, there is not one question about the relation of monkey wrench to pipe.

The Once and Future War

Columnist Joseph Kraft called it the President's same old "ego trip"—taken now by proxy. The New York Times's James Reston simply called the suggestion "unspeakable."

What had stirred the anger of these and other war critics was a column by Joseph Alsop praising Richard Nixon's "cool courage" in making the "lonely decision" to invade Laos. Alsop, a consistent advocate of strong U.S. military action in Indochina, declared: "Senator Fulbright and many of his colleagues, in turn, are downright eager to be proved right by an American defeat in war, and will loathe being proved wrong by U.S. success in Southeast Asia."

Leaving aside the specific attack on Fulbright, there is obviously much truth in Alsop's idea. To those who have long regarded U.S. involvement in the war as profoundly immoral, a "victory" would be a final outrage. In a way, that is one of the highest costs of Viet Nam—the violence it has done to Americans' sense of themselves as citizens. Long after the shooting finally stops, the U.S. will still be bedeviled by such recriminations about who was right or wrong, loyal or disloyal. Learning to live with the memory of Viet Nam may in some ways turn out to be as painful as living with the present fact.

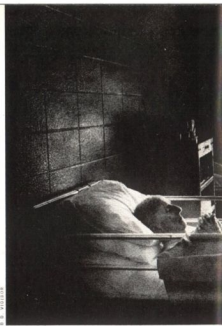
The Not So Alert

For 37 minutes on Saturday morning, it might have seemed that General Jack D. Ripper, the manic guardian of "precious bodily fluids" from *Dr. Strangelove*, was at the controls. From the Army's civil defense warning center in Colorado's Cheyenne Mountain, a signal was flashed directly onto the wires of the Associated Press and United Press International. It was a notification that the nation was in a state of emergency, confirmed by an appropriately sinister code "authenticator"—HATEFULNESS, HATEFULNESS. Scores of radio and television stations across the nation broadcast the emergency.

It turned out that the warning center, which regularly transmits a taped test message to the news-service wires, had inadvertently sent an actual warning tape. To unstick the panic button and resolve the confusion, the center finally got through the prearranged code signal canceling the alert. Quite unintentionally, it sounded a sardonically witty note: CANCEL MESSAGE SENT AT 09:33 EST. MESSAGE AUTHENTICATOR: IMPISH, IMPISH.

Turning the Urban Cheek

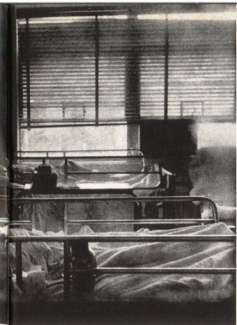
A new neighborhood newspaper called *Wisdom's Child*, published on Manhattan's Upper West Side, begins by noting that life there "can be a delightful thing." That said, the editors offer a cutout page of emergency telephone numbers—for firemen, police, suicide prevention, addict assistance, a 24-hour locksmith, air pollution, a poison-control center and dial-a-prayer. The recorded prayer: "Oh Lord, I am very aware that I live in a world of muggers and purse snatchers. I earnestly pray for help to keep my perspective . . . and even if I am a victim of a crime, that I might pray for those who have thus abused me."



AGED PATIENT UNDER CARE



CHRISTIANS v. CHRISTIANS IN THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR
Murder is most common among friends.



IN NEW YORK STATE HOSPITAL



SURGICAL WARD AT MARICOPA HOSPITAL IN PHOENIX

Presidential Prescription for Health

IN the U.S. today, only the rich can afford to be ill; even the modestly well-off may not be able to bear the financial burden of a long, debilitating illness. The average daily cost of hospitalization has risen from \$56 to \$144 since 1960, while the nation's total health bill has more than doubled, to \$70 billion, or \$324 per person, a year. As his prescription for the malaise of the American health-care system, President Nixon last week sent to Congress a package that aims to improve and augment existing programs through private enterprise rather than new forms of Government control. Under the President's plan:

► The major burden of increased medical costs would fall on U.S. employers, large and small, who would be required to provide all employees with a health-insurance plan that includes hospitalization and major-medical, maternity and pediatric benefits, plus catastrophic-illness coverage to the tune of \$50,000 a year. The program would cost employers at least \$2.5 billion a year—and the Government at least \$2 billion, since their outlays would be tax-deductible. Employees would be required to pay 25% of the cost. Such a system would cover 150 million Americans, including 10 million working poor who now have no coverage at all.

► The Federal Government would pay either all or a substantial part of the cost of health insurance for some 5.3 million low-income, largely nonworking families through a new Family Health Insurance Plan. Under it, families with incomes below \$3,000 a year would be given the equivalent of a \$600 annual premium in private insurance; those earning up to \$5,000 would be required to make at least token payments toward the policies.

► The Government would pick up the entire \$1.4 billion annual tab for the Part B supplement to Medicare, which now covers doctor bills and outpatient services for nearly 20 million of the program's participants. As a result, the elderly who now pay \$5.30 a month for the supplemental coverage would receive what amounts to an average 5% increase in Social Security benefits.

► Grants totaling \$23 million, plus loan guarantees for buildings and working capital, would be made available to encourage formation of prepaid health-maintenance organizations like California's Kaiser Plan. Such groups, which provide broad medical and preventive health services for fixed annual fees, now cover 7,000,000 Americans. Some Administration officials believe that the plans can reduce by half the average number of days that patients spend in hospitals.

► Funds totaling nearly \$100 million would be made available to encourage medical schools to train more doctors and allied health personnel. Direct grants and financial incentives would be offered to doctors to form group practices or work in ghettos and rural communities, and \$15 million would be set aside to establish family health centers in areas where medical facilities are scarce.

► Efforts would be made to reduce overall medical costs by developing preventive-care programs and thus cutting down on hospital admissions. A watchdog commission, added to the Administration proposals as an eleventh-hour afterthought, would have regulatory power over the private health-insurance industry, including authority to prevent unwarranted increases in coverage costs.

Drafted by a team headed by Health,

Education and Welfare Secretary Elliot Richardson, the Administration package emphasizes the use of private resources. This approach is understandable. The President is ideologically opposed to complete federal direction of medicine. Says Nixon: "There simply is no need to eliminate a segment of our private economy and at the same time add a multibillion-dollar responsibility to the federal budget." Richardson, a member of one of New England's most distinguished medical families,* is a staunch supporter of mar-

* Richardson's great-grandfather, both grandfathers, father and two uncles were doctors. Two brothers, Edward and George, are on the staff of Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston.



RICHARDSON
The middle way.

SOARING MEDICAL COSTS

PERCENT CHANGE SINCE 1960

DAILY HOSPITAL COSTS
(Semiprivate room)
UP 155.6%

PHYSICIANS FEES UP 57.7%
ALL MEDICAL COSTS UP 52.5%
COST OF LIVING UP 31.1%

1960 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 1970
TIME Chart by J. Donovan

ketplace medicine. "The American health-care system today is at best exceedingly good," he declares, "and in any case better than health-care systems in other parts of the world."

The Nixon plan is a moderate compromise among the dozen or so other health reform proposals currently before Congress. It stops short of the bills put forward by Senator Edward Kennedy and Representative Martha Griffiths, which would have the Government itself provide comprehensive national health coverage out of federal revenues. It goes well beyond the American Medical Association's halfhearted Medicaid plan, which would allow families to deduct all or part of the cost of private insurance policies on their tax returns.

But the President's package does make a significant contribution to the coming national health debate; it reduces, though it does not recapture, the initiative long held by the Democrats in matters of health care. Health insurance has, after all, been an important aspect of the welfare state since Bismarck initiated it in Germany in 1883, and for a Republican President in the U.S. to espouse such a concept is a major step.

Prospects Good. The President's proposals were well received. The Association of American Medical Colleges gave its qualified approval, and A.M.A. President Walter Bornemeier described his organization's initial reaction as "generally favorable." Many Senators and Congressmen withheld comment until they could study the Nixon package, but Kennedy, whose plan has the backing of 24 Senators and whose Subcommittee on Health will open hearings on the crisis in medical care this week, was sharply critical. He described the employer insurance provisions as "wasteful and ineffective," branded the Family Health Insurance Plan "poorhouse medicine," and declared that the President's plan would give the \$14 billion health-insurance industry "a windfall of billions of dollars annually." His last point has some validity. The Family Health Insurance Plan alone will give carriers nearly \$3 billion in annual premiums. The mandatory employee health-coverage provision could pour at least another \$3 billion yearly into their coffers.

Still, the President's plan has promise. Though major reform of the U.S. health-care system is not only essential but inevitable, the need for the all-encompassing approach of the Kennedy-Griffiths program has not yet been established. Nixon's proposals, which address themselves to the inequities of a system that equates health with wealth, are feasible, and could, at the very least, be a needed first step toward a more radical restructuring of the U.S. medical establishment. His package represents, as he said, an effort to shape "a new national health strategy that will marshal a variety of forces in a coordinated assault" on the U.S. health problem.

Prospects for passage of the Nixon plan are good. Most Congressmen are prepared to vote for some expansion of health coverage, and even the most conservative know that they must go further than the A.M.A.'s offering if they are to satisfy their constituents in 1972. Only the more liberal are willing to go along with Kennedy and approve a plan that even backers admit could cost \$57 billion to put into operation; critics estimate that it could require as much as \$77 billion, though not all in new money. The majority of Congressmen are likely to find Nixon's remedy, which will cost only \$3 billion in new Government moneys, an acceptable middle way in a situation where they must take some action before facing the voters in 1972.

POLITICAL NOTES

Unconventional Reform

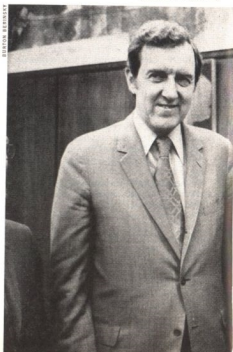
In the ritual of parties-out-of-power, the Democrats are beginning to rally around the unifying idea that Richard Nixon can be beaten in 1972—a thought encouraged by the party's gains in the 1970 elections. It is hardly too early for the Democrats to begin. The party is financially strapped, disorganized and lacking any coherent special program to offer as an alternative to the Administration's.

For the moment, however, the Democrats are concentrating on party basics. Last week the Democratic National Committee gathered in Washington to adopt some of the procedural reforms that were much debated in the midst of the almost self-destructive Democratic Convention in Chicago.

One of the major complaints then was that the selection of delegates to the convention was undemocratic, favoring small states over large. On this, the committee compromised last week, voting to allot delegate strength 53% on the basis of a state's electoral votes—a concession to smaller states—and 47% on the size of the state's Democratic vote for President in the last three elections—a decision that will give more convention power to the big-city states such as New York, California and Illinois.

The committee took other steps to open up the party system at the lowest levels. It barred the unit rule—meaning that individual delegates can vote their own preferences rather than being forced by party machines to vote en bloc. Delegates must be selected in the year of the convention, which will help to eliminate the unresponsiveness of delegates chosen sometimes four years in advance. By amending requirements that tend to exclude less professional

SENATOR MUSKIE &



participants and ordering antidiscrimination standards, the committee hopes to gather more blacks, women and the young into the party process. The filing fee for delegates cannot exceed \$10, for example, and a petition to run needs the names of no more than 1% of the body selecting the delegates. In order to reduce the power of party bosses, the committee also decreed that no more than 10% of the delegates can be chosen by state committees.

A Manager for Muskie

Senator Edmund Muskie felt tired and ill. His replies on a television show were cold and argumentative, and one of his aides, Berl Bernhard, bluntly told Muskie that it was a bad performance. When Muskie publicly berated his staff for a bad press release, Bernhard protested firmly that such scoldings were not "particularly productive." The Senator scowled, then smiled. "Look, Nag," Muskie told Bernhard, "I'll stop knocking the staff if you'll stop telling the press I'm contentious and ill-tempered."

Last week Muskie selected Bernhard, 41, to direct his still unannounced presidential campaign. "There may be some people who feel they have to cushion me when there is unpleasant news, but they are wrong," says Muskie. "Berl doesn't cushion anything with me." A successful Washington lawyer both in and out of Government, Bernhard has a knack for employing humor to take the sting out of his stern judgments. "He will cut a guy's legs off if it has to be done," contends one close friend, "but he uses plenty of anaesthesia." Muskie prefers a woody Maine metaphor to explain Bernhard's style: "Even a moose has velvet on its horns part of the year."

A native of New York City and a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Dartmouth, Bernhard earned his law degree from

Yale. He served as a Washington law clerk to Federal Judge Luther W. Youngdahl, a former Republican Governor of Minnesota. Joining the newly-created U.S. Civil Rights Commission in 1958, Bernhard became its staff director in 1961 and effectively gathered evidence of unfair treatment of blacks in the South.

Bernhard first met Muskie while serving as general counsel to the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee in 1967. Muskie, then heading the committee, impressed Bernhard with his succinct definition of duties: "All I want to know from you is if what we are doing is proper and lawful." The two have enjoyed an uncomplicated rapport during Muskie's political forays ever since. Bernhard served as a key writer and adviser in Muskie's 1968 vice presidential campaign.

In his new job, one of Bernhard's toughest tasks will be fund raising. He figures Muskie will need \$1,500,000 before the presidential primaries begin next year, possibly \$8,000,000 to compete in those elections, then another \$25 million if he wins the nomination. Meanwhile, he wants Muskie to maintain a low profile while he bones up on the potential 1972 issues.

The Muskie campaign needs a skilled director. His staff was unprepared for the candidate's unusually fast start, and scheduling details have sometimes gone awry. Bernhard must also avoid two conflicting dangers that threaten the front runner: overexposure that could bore voters before the primaries, and an overly cautious approach to issues that might feed the contention of critics that Muskie is indecisive.

DEMOCRATS

A Talk with Kennedy

As he celebrates his 39th birthday this week, Edward M. Kennedy enjoys a unique political vista: theoretically at least, he could be running for President in the elections of 1992, when he will be merely a mellow 60.

Many professionals in both parties, however, suspect that Kennedy will try much earlier, even as early as next year. Kennedy has repeated that his only ambition now is to serve the full six years of his new Senate term. But political plans are never absolute. Despite the tragedy at Chappaquiddick Island 19 months ago, despite the embarrassing loss of his job a month ago as Senate whip, Kennedy's potential Democratic opponents will fix him with an apprehensive eye all the way through the 1972 convention. So will Richard Nixon. A Gallup poll released in January showed Muskie and Nixon running even with 44% of the vote each; but Kennedy, despite his setbacks, still drew 38% against Nixon's 47%.

No Promise. Kennedy, who looked lean and a bit haunted after Chappaquiddick, has put on weight and regained his sense of humor. In an



KENNEDY

Living with the pendulum.

interview with TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey, he mused about his personal and political life: "In the recent past I suppose I've had more than my share of tragedy and disappointment. The pendulum swings wide, and when it does, you develop an ability to live with these changes." Kennedy dismissed the widely published rumor that he had promised his 80-year-old mother, Rose, to run for President during her lifetime. Nor does Kennedy credit the theory, held by some of his close friends, that he has subconsciously tried to escape the possibility of the presidency, partly because of the fate of his brothers. The episode at Chappaquiddick, according to this elaborate speculation, was a subconscious effort to destroy his own presidential chances. So, too, in a lesser way, was his defeat for Senate whip.

Says Kennedy: "You take life in short bursts. Right now I look forward to the next few years in the Senate. I have important work to do." Not entirely by coincidence, that work is tailored to make Kennedy look like a candidate. Without his demanding whip's duties, he says, "I will be able to get around the country more." He is pushing a national health insurance program broader than the President's; he plans further attacks on the Administration's war policies, demanding a fixed date for U.S. withdrawal. His many other concerns—help for American Indians and Alaskan natives, aid to the aged, equal employment opportunities—combined with the continuing potential of the Kennedy mystique, will do little to end speculation. "Let's face it," says one of President Nixon's political intimates. "If Muskie stumbles, the Democrats aren't going to turn to McGovern or Hughes or Bayh or Jackson."

CAMPAIGN DIRECTOR BERNHARD





SANCHEZ SHIELDS NIXON

The one free spirit of the White House.



SANCHEZ

PERSONALITY

The President's Man

Who is the last White House staff member to see the President at night? Who wakes him in the morning? Who spends more time with Richard Nixon than Henry Kissinger? Who is privy to the periods of presidential reflection during walks on the beach? Haldeman and Ehrlichman of the palace guard? Political Operatives Dent and Chotiner? No. The correct answer is Manuel ("Manolo") Sanchez, 41, the President's man, an ebullient Cuban refugee and family servant for nine years.

Manolo is always there: waiting by the buzzer in his third-floor White House apartment or West Wing office for the signal to retrieve papers or bring the tray from the kitchen for a working lunch. He serves as a one-man gallery for presidential bowling in the basement, sits quietly in the Executive Office Building hideaway while Nixon works alone late at night, gives the word to Secret Service men and military aides about the departure time for presidential trips. He is the one free spirit of the White House, the pet of secretaries and staff members, who jokes with the press in fractured English and breezes past the protective shield that rebuffs Cabinet members and Congressmen.

One or Two. Once Manolo and his wife Fina, 40, were the Nixons' personal servants, cooking, keeping house, chauffeuring—first in California, then in New York. The White House staff takes care of those duties now, although Manolo defensively explains that on weekends at Key Biscayne or San Clemente it is like the old days when Mr. and Mrs. Sanchez were in charge. Manolo's chief duty now is being on hand when Richard Nixon wants him.

On New Year's Eve, Nixon invited newsmen into his office for a taste of his "secret" martini formula. It was not long before the press corps discovered that Manolo knew the vaunted recipe. But there were no high-level disclosures;

"I give you my secret formula for daiquiris," he offered. "How about that?" He dispenses footnote facts—Nixon has orange juice, cold cereal and grapefruit for breakfast—but Nixon husbands in true Nixon fashion what he considers to be more controversial information, such as which newspapers the President reads during breakfast: "Oh, one or two. I really cannot say." The gentleman's gentleman has even begun to look like the boss: Manolo's sideburns have fallen to mid-ear level in recent months; his hair has become fuller above the temples, and the greasy kid stuff has disappeared. The reason: Manolo has placed himself in the hands of Nixon's hair stylist, Milton Pitts.

The Sanchezes, who have no children, came to work for the Nixons shortly before the 1962 California gubernatorial election. Nixon Pal Bebe Rebozo recommended the couple after they had been forced to leave Cuba with their wealthy Italian employer. Manolo's English was so bad in the beginning that Nixon often had to leave notes for Fina to translate.

Still, Manolo was Nixon's driver during that unsuccessful race: "Somebody in the heaven was looking out for me. I have a good map. I find every place. But sometimes he tell me something and I just stand there helpless—no understand." The Sanchezes moved with the Nixons to New York, where Fina taught Tricia and Julie to cook and looked after the apartment. In the pre-White House days, the Sanchezes chose Christmas gifts for the Nixons, but since moving into the White House they can think of nothing the First Family needs: "When we run the house we know what the girls need. We know what is broken or what Mrs. Nixon needs. But it is different now. No like before."

Palace Life. Nixon was the Sanchezes' sponsor when they sought U.S. citizenship in 1968, delaying his departure to the Republican Convention long enough to stand beside Manolo and Fina as they received their nat-

uralization papers. The move from refugees to White House residents has a storybook quality to the Sanchezes. Says Fina: "Every night we thank God for what we have. It's like you live in a history book." And Manolo: "It's the palace of the United States. How many other immigrants have had our chance?"

The Sanchezes are registered Republicans in San Clemente, their official home. Manolo fishes off the rocks below the Western White House. In Key Biscayne, he does his angling from the kitchen window: "I tie on a little piece of white string and I can tell if I have a bite. The President never goes fishing, but when we walk the beach he will ask me about it. He never mentions his problems. He have too many things on his mind. It is only way to escape."

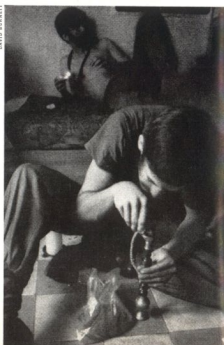
Life with the President has its rough moments too. When Nixon took his famous early-morning excursion to the Lincoln Memorial to talk to demonstrators at the time of the Cambodian invasion, Manolo was rousted out of bed to accompany him. When a fire Manolo started in the living-room fireplace at San Clemente accidentally burned out of control, damaging a wall and sending the President fleeing in his pajamas to an adjoining cottage, angry White House aides approached him for an explanation. Manolo had a humorous answer: "I promise not to smoke pot in the basement any more."

ARMED FORCES

As Common as Chewing Gum

Crew-cut, clear-eyed and firm of jaw, Colonel Gerald V. Kehrli had been a model Air Force officer for 28 years. In May 1970, he took command of a less-than-spirited air transport squadron at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airbase, and before long the unit was back at a peak of morale. "It was guys like Colonel

G.I. TURNING ON IN SAIGON



Kehrli who gave you that go-go spirit," one of his former officers said last week. "He was the kind of man you really wanted to work for."

As it turned out, the squadron was high on Kehrli in more ways than one. In Saigon, a military court sentenced the colonel to three years in prison and fined him \$15,000 not only for being an enthusiastic user of marijuana but also for passing it around to his men, often at pot parties in his quarters. At the colonel's trial, a young intelligence officer testified that Kehrli had even been a pot proselytizer at Saigon military officers' clubs. "Marijuana is a good thing," Kehrli told the officer during one conversation. "It allows me to understand my men and close the generation gap. I use marijuana and both my officers and enlisted men use marijuana."

Candy Habits. Outside Kehrli & Co., few career men—and even fewer field-grade officers (major and above)—ever develop a sustained taste for Pleiku Pink, *Bleu de Hué*, Cambodian-made Park Lane No. 2s, and the myriad other varieties of marijuana that have become freely available in South Viet Nam. But many other military men do. "Nobody raises an eyebrow now if someone suggests that out in the field, where the arm of military law is relatively relaxed, 90% of all non-career G.I.s smoke grass," reports Time Correspondent James Willwerth. "It is as common as chewing gum here, and the young officers are smoking it nearly as much as the enlisted men."

Pot has been a pervasive feature of the G.I. scene since the mid-1960s, when canny Vietnamese (who prefer to chew betel nuts or smoke opium themselves) began cultivating the growing military market. Last fall a Pentagon investigating team returned from Viet Nam with a report that drugs had become a serious "military problem." Last month the U.S. command in Saigon announced an all-out campaign against narcotics, complete with a 64-page directive and plans for ground and aerial searches for fields where marijuana is grown. Military surveys taken over the past two years have shown that from 30% to 45% of the troops in Viet Nam have used drugs, mainly marijuana. Of the 11,000 G.I.s who were apprehended or investigated last year for drug violations, 75% were pot smokers.

What most worries American commanders is the more recent—and more dangerous—spread of heroin. In 1966, there were only four disciplinary cases involving hard drugs; in 1970, there were 1,751 cases. In one 79-day period last year, 75 G.I.s died of suspected or confirmed use of heroin. Perhaps one in five G.I.s has smoked or "snorted" heroin. "Shooting" it with a needle is not yet widespread, which means that most heroin-addicted G.I.s in Viet Nam have weak "candy habits" that can be broken. Even so, warns Colonel Thornton E. Ireland, the U.S. provost marshal in

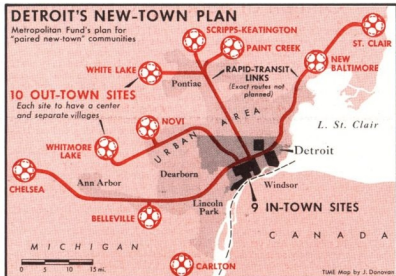
Viet Nam, "We've got a problem. Don't let anyone kid you."

The problem became evident late last summer, when tremendous quantities of very pure (95%), very cheap (as low as \$1.50 per 150 milligrams) powdery white heroin began turning up all over South Viet Nam. U.S. military officials trace the "smack" not to Viet Cong devilry but to Chinese entrepreneurs in Bangkok and Vientiane, processing centers for the opium poppy grown in Thailand, Laos and southern China.

A crackdown on marijuana in Viet Nam gave a big boost to heroin, which is odorless and more easily concealed than grass. Troopers hide their "horse" in empty rifle shells, salt it in cigarettes, sniff it in Vicks inhalers, or practice "shotgunning"—blowing heroin smoke through the barrel of an M-16

"amnesty" program, which allows drug addicts to get treatment without going to jail (where many guards are pushers), has been under way for several months, with modest success. G.I. radio and TV stations fire off antidrug slogans. Sample: "Don't let drugs be your bag, or you may go home in one."

But there appears to be no real antidote for drugs in an expeditionary force whose members are lonely, bored, at times frightened, and always under tremendous pressure from their peers to go along. Though all in all the number of really serious users—particularly of hard drugs—is limited, a great many G.I.s at least dabble in narcotics. It is one sorry byproduct of the war that cannot be eliminated by Vietnamization: as the U.S. soldiers come home, all too often they bring their new habits with them.



into a friend's nostrils. There are "shooting galleries" where men can snort or mainline in comfort, as well as "skag bars" in Saigon where a G.I. who orders his beer "with" gets a cap of heroin stirred into his suds. Recently, soldiers have wound up with suds in suds; some greedy dealers are substituting detergent for the real stuff. Only three blocks from Tan Son Nhut is "Mom's," an alley of private homes run by the enterprising wife of a South Vietnamese army sergeant, where G.I.s can get acid, speed, heroin, mescaline, joints rolled on an electric machine, hollow *objets d'art* for smuggling, and—of course—girls. For no more than \$7 a day, a soldier in Viet Nam can finance a heroin habit that would cost \$50 to \$100 a day back home in New York or Detroit.

What to do? Military courts are no answer, partly because junior officers hesitate to enforce drug regulations—either out of empathy or from fear of getting "fragged" (hit with a fragmentation grenade) by men in reprisal. An

CITIES

Pairing the Old and New

The suburbs burgeon while America's central cities decay, and no one has yet devised a solution to the complex of economic, racial and environmental issues involved. Last week a group of Detroit planners unveiled a radical attempt at an answer: a symbiotic linking of the center city with new towns in the suburbs. The plan, which was developed by the Metropolitan Fund of Detroit, a nonprofit research corporation in Southeast Michigan working with a \$100,000 appropriation, envisions the pairing off of nine redeveloped inner-city areas with ten undeveloped suburban locations. Though each pair of sites would be geographically separate, from 20 to 40 miles apart, they would exist as political, social and economic entities. The pairs would be connected by mass transit lines and bus services; housing would be built in both places to attract various income levels.

The city locations would range from

635 to 2,000 acres, accommodate 25,000 people and strive for the kind of cosmopolitan atmosphere that once made the city an attraction for middle-class whites. The suburban sites, covering between 3,600 and 8,000 acres, would house 75,000 people, with generous green space and good low-rent housing.

The plan is essentially a compromise between city residents unwilling to see money spent solely for suburbia and suburbanites cool to helping foot the bill for city urban renewal. It will take 20 years to complete, and the price tag will be \$1 billion in public and private funds for each paired town. But Dr. Hubert Locke, the project's director and an associate at the Urban Studies Cen-

ter at Wayne State University, thinks the plan is worth the money.

"Pairing the two sites will give the city a stake in development of new communities outside the city," said Locke. "We're trying to develop a new lifestyle to overcome social problems. This entire region will stand or fall together. Today, there are people living in a sea of social and economic decay while affluence blooms around them. If the present situation continues, the city will be dead in ten years, and the suburbs will go in the eleventh."

The "new town" offers some promising relief from the growing troubles of the nation's cities. Last week David

Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, urged that a federal agency and a private corporation be created to develop 110 new towns and cities. The aim is to create a series of racially integrated complexes of villages similar to that of Columbia, Md., a community that Chase helped develop. Under the plan, the corporation would raise a minimum of \$10 billion in seed money to finance the communities, and the agency would acquire the land. The two agencies, Rockefeller said, "could create a whole series of new independent communities, providing adequate housing at reasonable cost, and bring together both the white- and blue-collar work force for industrial expansion."

AMERICAN SCENE

Oilmen at Sea: Life on South Marsh Island 73

Like stark sentinels, they loom high above the ocean waters, seeming in storm and mist to have been there nearly as long as the sea. They are the thousands of offshore oil platforms that dot the continental shelf of North America. They are the hostile homes of the offshore oil workers, a very tough and particular breed of men. Houston Bureau Chief Leo Janos went to live among them for a time on a platform off the Gulf Coast of Louisiana. His report:

FOR the 42 men who work a 12-hr. shift on it each day, the 20-storied South Marsh Island 73—one of 6,300 oil platforms and drilling rigs stretched across the coastal gulf—is both a punisher and a provider, a harsh, demanding and dangerous mistress. And yet the island gives as awesomely as it takes. Located 103 miles offshore, its pipelines stretch thousands of yards across the ocean floor. Drawing from seven big reservoirs 7,000 ft. beneath the primordial ooze of the gulf, it can pump 28,000 bbl. of crude oil to the mainland each day through its 7-in. pipeline.

South Marsh Island 73's heartbeat is a powerful oil drill rotating 140 r.p.m., pushing 200,000 lbs. of pipe with 4,000 lbs. of pressure. There is an omnipresence about its throb and its beat, shaking the two-storied concrete bunkers the men live in, even as they sleep. It rarely ceases. "Ain't enough wind or rain, ice or fog to ever stop that son of a bitch," one crewman observes with grudging respect.

For the unskilled half of the crew, most of whom are Louisiana Cajuns and Mississippi farmers, life on the impregnable, womanless island becomes a monotonous cycle of dirt, grease, curses and the knowledge that tomorrow will be more of the same. The men, known as roustabouts, work and sleep 14 days at a time on the platform before they get a week's rest on shore. They are tired of this life. Many would

like to quit. But they cannot. They find themselves trapped by the realization that however torturous the job is, the money is good, better than they could make anywhere else with their meager education, and that the poverty they come from is even more oppressive. So they stay, breaking their backs for \$2.50 an hour, dragging 300-lb. sections of pipe and stacking endless 100-lb. sacks of chemical mud.

Roustabouts or technicians, all are effectively imprisoned on their tight little island. No alcohol, not even beer, is permitted on board. Fighting means immediate dismissal; lateness to a post a severe reprimand. Always, the threat of death or serious injury is with the crew. Two months ago, about 100 miles away on the gulf, a fiery blowout on one platform killed six men and destroyed 20 operating wells. Several veteran roust-

abouts have fingers missing from accidents. Last September, a roustabout was killed when a 600-lb. section of pipe fell and crushed his skull.

"I never realized that human beings could work this hard," says James McAlister, 22, a Belfast-born roustabout who fled the religious wars of home. "At 6 in the morning, it's dark, wet and cold. You begin sweeping the water from the deck that accumulates from the night's mists. The deck must be kept dry so that the men don't slip and fall. Everything is steel, so a fall can really do damage. Whatever you do, you get filthy. Your hands, your face, your shoes, trousers and shirt become smeared with grease, rust and mud chemicals. I never knew 14 days could take so long." Smiley Dunaway, 55, from Columbia, Miss., who has worked as a roustabout for 20 years, put two boys through college on his earnings. "But it cost me two-thirds of my life on the gulf to do it," he says wistfully.

After work, the men take hot showers, chuck their dirty clothes into washing machines and take off for the chow hall. There are separate menus for the two prevailing cultures on board. The Cajuns get their rice, beans and gumbo and the Mississippians their ham, greens and potatoes. Then they talk sex, watch television or play a Cajun card game called *Bourée* (pronounced boo-ray). To a visitor, there seems a relaxed camaraderie aboard, as though the men had achieved a kind of brotherhood through suffering. Still, there is no desire by the men to see their experience repeated, particularly in their families.

In the mess hall, a young, rawboned roustabout drains his coffee cup, zips up his waterproof jacket and stands, listening briefly for the fickle north wind that whips cruelly across the gulf this time of year. Then he sighs: "Well, I guess it's time to feed my young'uns." Somehow his words sound like a motto for the offshore oilmen.

OIL WORKERS BEING HOISTED TO PLATFORM





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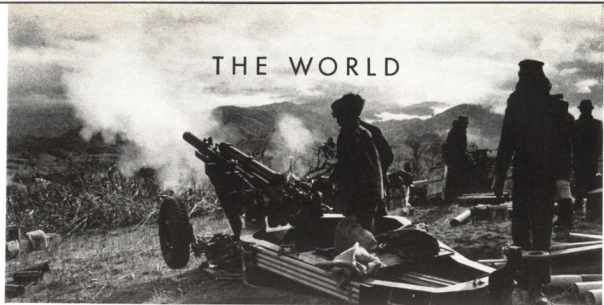
*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for a Cricket. Price excludes state and local taxes, destination charges, and suggested dealer new-car preparation charges. Whitewalls shown are \$28.65 extra.



**Coming
Through.**



THE WORLD



SOUTH VIETNAMESE TROOPS IN LAOS DIRECTING ARTILLERY FIRE AT COMMUNIST POSITIONS ALONG HO CHI MINH TRAIL

Indochina: Nixon's Strategy of Withdrawal

Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once.

—Machbeth

MANY Americans anxious to see the U.S. disengage from Indochina have urged on President Nixon what might be called the Shakespearean solution to the war. To them, the invasion of Cambodia last spring and the current incursion into Laos seem only to be widening the theater of fighting—an odd order of going indeed. Last week, at an informal press conference, the President reiterated that he intends to go on reducing the U.S. role in the war through progressive troop withdrawals. But Nixon left a wide margin for maneuvering to carry out that intention.

No Limitation. The President ruled out the use of U.S. ground troops in Laos, Cambodia or North Viet Nam. But, reaffirming a policy first spelled out last December, he said: "I am not going to place any limitation upon the use of airpower . . . It will be directed against those military activities which I determine are directed against and thereby threaten our remaining forces in South Viet Nam."

Nixon also declined to shut the door on the possibility of a South Vietnamese invasion of the North—an idea that South Viet Nam's Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky has repeatedly mentioned. The President is aware that any full-fledged attack against North Viet Nam could draw China into the conflict, and he has taken extraordinary pains to reassure Peking that U.S. policy does not threaten its interests. But he also knows that three divisions of North Vietnamese regulars are massed just across the DMZ. To discourage Hanoi from sending them to attack the ARVN troops in Laos, Nixon deliberately left open the possibility of a South Viet-

namese counterattack across the DMZ.

The sole limitation on airpower, Nixon said, will be to disregard "a rather ridiculous suggestion that is made from time to time—I think the latest by Hans Morgenthau—that our airpower might include the use of tactical nuclear weapons." The President was referring to an article written for the *New Republic* by Morgenthau, the University of Chicago political scientist and inveterate war critic. Morgenthau argued that while the Administration's plan to "Vietnamize" the war will "change the color of the casualties," its goal is still a military victory. And the only way to win a war of national liberation, he added, is to deliver a crushing blow to the enemy—the kind of blow that tactical nuclear weapons "could accomplish overnight."

Actually, North Vietnamese regulars and Viet Cong guerrillas are so widely dispersed that no crushing blow is possible. The U.S. could destroy Hanoi and other population centers with tactical nukes—that is, if it wanted to ensure Peking's entry into the conflict, or even risk World War III.

Danger Point. The President's proffered rationale is to protect retreating U.S. troops by keeping the enemy at bay. As the White House sees it, the Communists hope to wage an all-out attack early next year, in an attempt to influence the 1972 election. Nixon argues that the best course is to move now to destroy the supplies that the Communists are planning to use later. Said he: "What this relates to . . . is not this year, but next year. Next year will be a year when the Vietnamization program's very success creates the greatest point of danger."

Increasingly, however, critics insist that the real reason for the Cambodia and Laos incursions and the wider use of airpower is not primarily to protect

G.I.s on their way out of Viet Nam. It is, they argue, to buy time for President Nguyen Van Thieu's regime in Saigon and, to a lesser extent, for the government in Phnom-Penh. "The President appears to be imposing Thieu and his group on the South Vietnamese people," said Averell Harriman last week. "That's what Vietnamization amounts to." The Communists, for their part, of course, seem equally intent on deposing Thieu before they will make peace.

Policy of Violence. Nixon's supporters are undoubtedly right when they say that Vietnamization is speeding the U.S. withdrawal. It is also evident that the strategy is militarily effective for South Viet Nam. The country is more secure and its army stronger than at any time since the U.S. arrived. The same cannot be said for Cambodia and Laos, whose civilian populations are paying dearly for that strength. For that reason, Senator Edward Kennedy last week decried Vietnamization as a "policy of violence" that has led to "war and more war."

The White House, focusing on American rather than Asian casualties, replies that monthly U.S. losses in the war are one-fifth of what they were when Nixon took office, that the U.S. troop level is down by nearly 215,000 men from its early 1969 peak of 543,000, and that the level should be around 50,000 by the end of next year. U.S. military commanders plan to send ARVN troops back into Laos and Cambodia as often as necessary to keep South Viet Nam secure. The South Vietnamese might not be so enthusiastic about the idea, however, if they were handed an embarrassing defeat on the battlefield. At week's end, with the Communist resistance in Laos growing in ferocity, the possibility of such a defeat could not be ruled out.



BAMBOO TRELLIS OVER HO CHI MINH TRAIL

THE WAR

Cautious Crawl Through Laos

When the allies invaded Cambodia last spring, exuberant South Vietnamese units thrust 24 miles into the Parrot's Beak area in the very first day. Last week, 14 days after the first ARVN troops pushed across the Laotian border to strike at the Ho Chi Minh Trail network, they had covered only some 15 miles and were coming under increasingly intense enemy pressure. U.S. commanders insisted that Operation Lam Son 719, despite its slow pace, was scoring military gains. But Defense Secretary Melvin Laird warned President Nixon that the 17,000 ARVN troops and the 9,000 Americans who are providing logistical support and rearguard cover could expect "some tough days ahead."

The advance was kept to a cautious crawl for several reasons. Southeastern Cambodia is flat farmland; the Laotian panhandle is a tangle of dense, triple-canopy jungle. ARVN troops practically had to rebuild the old French Route 9 as they went, and they stopped frequently to set up protective fire bases and send out patrols for as much as six miles to the north and south to guard their flanks. Their vital link to South Viet Nam's Quang Tri province—a force of some 600 U.S. helicopters—was repeatedly socked in by bad weather.

Backing Up. Increasingly, however, it was enemy resistance that blocked faster movement. North Viet Nam moved two divisions out of areas south of the DMZ and into the Laotian panhandle, bringing total Communist troop strength along the trail to 30,000. Company-size units engaged the South Vietnamese in more than a dozen battles, usually nighttime rocket and mortar attacks on lonely ARVN fire bases. In the heaviest fighting of the campaign, the Communists reportedly overran one base and cut off at least two others. South Vietnamese casualties officially rose to 147 dead and were probably much higher; Communist casualties were put at 704.

Withering anti-aircraft fire continued to take a heavy toll of U.S. helicopters on cross-border missions. Altogether, 21 choppers have been destroyed in the campaign; many more were shot down but later recovered. The Communists also stepped up attacks on American positions around Khe Sanh, the jump-off point into Laos.

Nevertheless, ARVN's advance was slowly knifing through the ganglia of roads and footpaths that carry nearly all Communist supplies into the South. The South Vietnamese have yet to cut any of the large, all-weather routes that run farther to the west; sidestepping the invasion, Communist traffic has largely moved to these roads. But even that inconvenience has slowed transport. "The stuff is backing up along the trail," says a Pentagon officer, and the flow will be choked off even more effectively if ARVN can advance to Muong Phine, a central transshipment point.

Whatever else it may eventually accomplish, the ARVN thrust has already given the world a glimpse of a shipping system that has long defied some of the heaviest bombing in history and fueled a quarter of a million men for the better part of a decade. Ho's trail has sections of paved highway, but most of it consists of two ruts dug out by the wheels of countless trucks or leafy footpaths barely wide enough for one man. Photographer Ennio Iacobucci, on assignment from TIME, accompanied ARVN troops along a two-mile stretch of one trail and cabled this report:

The troops took us from a helicopter to a trail about five feet wide. It had all been cleared from the jungle by hand; there was no bulldozer work. In clear areas, a trellis of bamboo branches had been carefully woven together and planted with live foliage so that you could not see the path from above. Every so often, just on the edge of the road, there was a checkpoint bunker that could hold two or three people. Farther apart, there were lots of depots slightly off the main trail. They were numbered—we saw Nos. 16 through 19 on our walk—and were indicated on the path by crosses carved into the bark of a tree and painted red.

The depots were about 10 ft. by 15 ft. in area and dug perhaps 6½ ft. into the ground, like bunkers. The tops were made of logs, with camouflage over them. They were full of ammunition, rice, medical supplies and gasoline. Rubber pipes connected a pump in each depot to a nearby river, so that drivers could get water for themselves and their trucks. Signs instructed visitors to PLEASE PARK THE TRUCK, HAVE YOUR MEAL, YOUR DRINKS AND PLEASE SIGN IN AND OUT. Another sign read: THE ROAD IS HARD, BUT WE WILL MAKE IT.



ARVN CASUALTIES ON ROUTE 9

INSPECTING ARMS CACHE IN TRAIL BUNKER

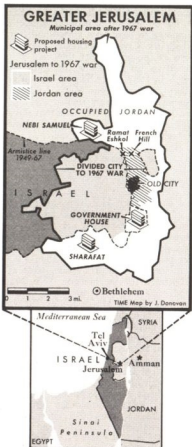


Where Israel

NO Israeli government could hand back all the Arab territory captured in 1967 and expect to survive. In a decision reached last week, the Cabinet agreed that Israel should return sizable pieces of territory but at the same time should demand major border rectifications from the Arabs. Maps indicating proposed future borders are now being drawn up by a top-level committee, TIME learned last week, and highly placed sources conjecture that the absolute maximum Israeli withdrawal, as far as Premier Golda Meir's government is concerned, is the following: **SINAL:** To the line from El Arish near the Mediterranean to Sharm el Sheikh at the juncture of the Gulf of Aqaba and the Red Sea. Israel would insist on a presence at Sharm el Sheikh, where it is developing a sizable community, to protect passage to Eilat. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan will fight



RAMAT ESHKOL HOUSING NEAR MT. SCOPUS IN JERUSALEM
An example of collective hara-kiri.



MIDDLE EAST

Full Speed Ahead

And Damn the Aesthetics

City planning is not ordinarily grist for international relations, but Jerusalem is not an ordinary city. Shrine of three faiths, symbol of Jewish resurgence, the ancient-modern metropolis of 210,000 Jews and 70,000 Arabs has assumed an increasingly Jewish character since the Jordanian sector was captured during the Six-Day War in 1967. Of all the territories occupied at that time, only East Jerusalem, including the entire Old City, was brought fully under Israeli law.

Last week the irrevocability of Jewish control was pushed a giant step further. Israeli Housing Minister Ze'ev Shalev announced that the government would construct 19,500 apartments for

about 100,000 people in three outlying districts (see map). The government, Shalev said bluntly, is determined that Jerusalem remain "an emphatically Jewish city. This is a plan with a Jewish goal. This is a Zionist exhibition."

Jerusalem's indefatigable mayor, Teddy Kolek, says unconvincingly that Shalev's plans have nothing to do with politics. The burly, affable Kolek, who has been notably fair in his treatment of Jerusalem's Arab citizens, insists that Jerusalem cannot wait until its status is finally settled before it constructs more housing. In an analogy for Americans, he argues: "You don't stop urban development in Washington until you solve the black-white problem." But Israel is literally bulldozing its way to Jewish control over the limestone and sand of Jordanian Jerusalem before any peace negotiations can be held. Obviously, such an effort has broad political repercussions. Twice since 1967, the United Nations has protested Israeli annexation; last week Secretary-General U Thant complained once again. The United States, which along with 32 other nations pointedly maintains its embassy in Tel Aviv and not in Jerusalem, called Israel's unilateral action "unacceptable."

Down to a Fig Leaf. One reason for the protests was Shalev's poor timing. Just as he spoke, the drive toward a Middle East peace settlement seemed to be gaining momentum. U.N. Mediator Gunnar Jarring, criticized for acting like a "mailman" whose only role was to shunt messages back and forth, began to ask probing questions of Egypt and Israel. Among them: Would Israel withdraw from Sinai in exchange for a formal peace treaty? Would Egypt recognize Israel in return for withdrawal? Egypt's President Anwar Sadat responded to Jarring's overtures by promising, for the first time, to accept a binding peace treaty and recognition of Israeli sovereignty in exchange for the return of all captured territory. Sadat also asked that Israel pull back from the

Suez Canal so that the waterway could be reopened to "international shipping."

The move clearly put Israel on the spot. *Al-Ahram* Editor Mohammed Hassanain Heikal wrote in his weekly column from Cairo: "Egypt's diplomacy has stripped the Israeli position of all cover—including the fig leaf." Ambassador Yitzhak Rabin was summoned home from Washington last week in order to explain current U.S. attitudes to the Cabinet.

Israel's response to the latest proposals will be framed in large part by four top-secret government committees that were formed in December. One, headed by Premier Golda Meir with Military Intelligence Chief Aharon Yariv as day-to-day coordinator, is concerned with borders; it has pretty much formulated the lines that would provide maximum security after Israel withdraws from occupied territories (see box). A second, headed by Foreign Minister Abba Eban, is working on the mechanics of negotiations and has quietly dispatched West Bank Arab leaders for exploratory talks with Palestinian guerrillas. The other two committees are dealing with the questions of Jerusalem and refugees.

Artillery Platforms. Israel's decision to move ahead with new housing in Jerusalem weakens its assurances of goodwill in the Jarring talks. The Housing

Draws the Line

for mutual withdrawal of both Israel and Egypt from the banks of the Suez Canal. Should the Israelis consent to a unilateral withdrawal of ten to twelve miles from the canal, however, they may insist on a proviso that if one Egyptian soldier crosses the canal, it would constitute a *cassus belli*.

WEST BANK: Israel would be ready to pull back to pre-1967 lines, following the Allon Plan, which calls for a demilitarized West Bank and a broad string of protective paramilitary Israeli settlements along the Jordan River.

GOLAN HEIGHTS: Israel would be ready to withdraw westward along the heights but would retain the crown itself. Before 1967, Syrian guns on the crown constantly shelled Israeli kibbutzim in the valley below.

JERUSALEM: No compromise. There would be free access to the holy places, but it would remain an Israeli city.

Ministry plans to build up to 10,000 apartments on Nebi Samuel, the 2,937-ft. hill on which the Prophet Samuel is supposed to have been buried and from which the Crusaders caught their first view of the golden city they had journeyed so far to rescue. In 1948 and again in 1967, Nebi Samuel was an artillery platform from which Jordanian gunners devastatingly shelled the modern Jewish city. To eliminate that threat forever is a principal reason for Israel to build apartments on the hill.

Another 3,000 apartments will be built in a sector known as Government House, once the site of British mandate headquarters. Finally, 6,500 apartments will be constructed at Sharafat. Ramat Eshkol and French Hill, two similar new neighborhoods where 5,500 apartments are already occupied, are rented exclusively by Jewish families, but the new projects will include a small number of Arab families. More than 4,000 acres of land—mostly Arab—were expropriated for the housing. "No Arab land was taken that was being put to any use," insists Mayor Kollek. "It was all rock, unusable for agriculture. We've tried to build in a reasonable way." Nevertheless Arab owners refuse to accept payment because this would sanction Israel's right of eminent domain.

Political Guides. The long-range development of Jerusalem is under attack on aesthetic as well as political grounds. In 1969, Kollek formed the Jerusalem Committee, a 25-member international panel including such renowned architects and city planners as Philip Johnson, Louis I. Kahn, Buckminster Fuller and Italy's Bruno Zevi. When the committee reviewed the blueprints last year, its members were appalled. Zevi called the beehive units an example of "collective hara-kiri," and Kahn complained: "I don't see the principles behind the master plan." When the committee discussed the master plan with Kollek two months ago, it attacked the project's matchbox buildings, haphazard community planning and dehumanization.

Israeli critics are as vociferous as the advisory committee. "Nebi Samuel," says the English-language *Jerusalem Post*, "is patently guided by politics—albeit high politics—and not by consideration of Jerusalem's uniqueness." Five government architects protested the haphazard design and were fired for disloyalty. Outside Kollek's office, pickets marched with signs that asked: "Why can't Jerusalem be Jewish and beautiful too?" The answer is obvious: the peace negotiations are moving faster than the Israeli government expected. Thus the government found it necessary to speed plans to turn amalgamated Jerusalem into a *fait accompli*, and damn the aesthetics. One indication of the haste: apartments to be constructed at Government House, on a site known since ancient times as the Hill of Evil Counsel, were not even designed for hilly Jerusalem. They were originally planned for level Tel Aviv.

TURKEY

The Welcome That Wore Thin

In 1946, when the U.S.S. *Missouri* called at Istanbul, U.S. sailors found it difficult to pay for anything, including prostitutes. The Russians, after 13 wars with Turkey in 300 years, were again menacing the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, and the Turks gave the Americans a welcome that lasted for two decades. The U.S. reciprocated with more than \$5 billion in military and economic aid. Symbolic of the "very, very special relationship," as a U.S. diplomat described it, was the fact that Turkey sent a tough, all-volunteer brigade of 2,500 troops to Korea in 1950.

By 1969, however, when the U.S.S. *Forrestal* visited Istanbul, the climate had changed. Several U.S. sailors had been thrown into the Bosphorus by anti-American crowds, and Turkish women greeted the *Forrestal*—the last American carrier to visit—with signs proclaiming **ISTANBUL IS NOT A BROTHEL FOR THE SIXTH FLEET.**

In recent weeks, bombs have been

hanging. Nevertheless, last week Demirel asked parliament to widen his government's powers to control the violence.

At the root of the rising anti-Americanism, reports Time Correspondent Dan Coggin, is the fact that the proud and xenophobic Turks resent any sign of dependence on the U.S. "Atatürk's death in 1938 left Turkey in a limbo of incomplete Westernization," writes Coggin. "City-bred granddaughters of veiled harem favorites practice law and medicine in Ankara and Istanbul today. But in the Moslem countryside and small towns, where 80% of Turkey's 35 million people live, little has changed from centuries ago."

Plain Paper Bag. The 1961 constitution took away much of the urban elite's power and gave it to the peasantry, which put Demirel's Justice Party in office in 1965. U.S. support for Demirel's government irritated the urban elite, which consists of students, intellectuals, professionals and a largely left press.

The U.S. has reduced its military presence in Turkey from 27,000 (including



STUDENTS OVERTURNING U.S. MILITARY TRUCK IN ANKARA

End of a very, very special relationship.

hurled at U.S. homes, offices and installations in Istanbul and Ankara. Last week a U.S. airman was kidnaped near Ankara by five young Turks, and released 17 hours later. After that incident the U.S. embassy advised its personnel to take such precautions as driving to work along different routes and refusing to accept unexpected packages.

State of Limbo. The kidnaping, like the recent bombings, is thought to have been the work of a Maoist guerrilla group known as Dev-genc (a Turkish acronym for "revolutionary youth movement"). Premier Süleyman Demirel has been reluctant to deal harshly with terrorists, lest he acquire the reputation for repression that brought down Premier Adnan Menderes and led to his

dependents) in 1966 to roughly 15,000 today, and will pare down to 10,000 next year. Such conspicuous U.S. facilities as a huge PX and a boisterous enlisted men's club have been moved from downtown Ankara to the suburbs. More than 500 Peace Corps volunteers were withdrawn last year.

The Americans who remain know that the student radicals consider them fair game, and they shudder at incidents such as the one that occurred last week at the residence of U.S. Ambassador William Handley. Even though the usual half a dozen guards were patrolling the area, Handley gulped when he saw his wife answer the doorbell and accept a plain paper bag. It turned out to be filled with avocados sent over by an embassy staffer.



GIEREK (LEFT) WITH JAROSZEWICZ
The absolute last boundary.

POLAND

Wooing the Worker

The drab Polish industrial city of Lodz has a tradition of defiance dating back to the 1890s, when the city's textile workers staged violent demonstrations against the Russian czarist occupiers. Last week Lodz once again showed its rebellious spirit as 10,000 textile workers, most of them women, went on strike. Their action was a warning to the regime of Party Leader Edward Gierek, who succeeded Wladyslaw Gomułka in December after bloody workers' demonstrations against higher food prices and a cut in earnings.

Gierek's tactics in settling the December riots helped create the Lodz situation. To placate workers in Poland's big Baltic shipyards, Gierek did what no Communist leader in history had ever dared to do: instead of crushing the protesters, he gave in to their demands. Bargaining personally with the strikers, Gierek agreed to rescind a complicated new bonus system that workers feared would reduce their take-home pay. He also raised the minimum wage and pensions. But Gierek held fast on one crucial point: he refused to cancel an average 17% increase in food prices.

Soviet Help. Gierek's maneuver seemed to defuse the dangerous situation. But then the Lodz workers struck, demanding a 16% wage increase and better working conditions. Gierek sent Premier Piotr Jaroszewicz and three other Politburo members to reason with the workers. After several sessions, including one that lasted until 4 a.m., the officials returned to Warsaw with no settlement in sight.

Gierek faced a difficult decision. To break the strike would alienate workers and strengthen the position of his chief rival, General Mieczyslaw Moczar, the tough law-and-order security chief who crushed a 1947 Lodz strike in which

two workers died and 80 were wounded. The Soviet Union came to Gierek's rescue by offering an estimated \$500 million in credits and grain shipments. Buoyed by Soviet help, Gierek was able to cancel the price increases. The Lodz workers went back to work and the rest of the country remained quiet.

The question remained, however, whether Gierek's somersault on prices would embolden other workers to make fresh demands next week or the week after. The Polish press launched a campaign obviously inspired by the regime to warn Poles that the latest concessions "reached the absolute last boundary."

Local Shake-Up. Gierek desperately needs time to gain the full confidence of Poland's disgruntled workers. He is replacing unpopular local party officials with men and women from the factories. He continues to send ministers and high party officials scurrying throughout the country to talk with workers and farmers. Last week he personally visited Radom, Kielce and Katowice, matter-of-factly explaining to workers the impoverished state of the economy and appealing for understanding and help.

Gierek also spent several mysterious hours in Bialystok, near the Soviet border. In the past, the thick forests near Bialystok have sheltered secret meetings between Soviet and Polish leaders. With the 24th Soviet Party Congress scheduled to begin in Moscow on March 30, the Russians are anxious to stabilize the situation next door. For the moment, the Soviets are backing Gierek. If he fails to keep the situation under control, however, the Kremlin may well consider other options.

SOVIET UNION

Coddling the Consumer

The man from Moscow's *Literary Gazette* was putting some questions to an official of the State Planning Commission. Russia's 1971-75 five-year plan had just been made public, and because it called for a higher growth rate in consumer goods than in heavy industry for the first time in Soviet history, the reporter was anxious to find out what it meant. "Will the shelves be bursting with goods?" asked the newsman. The commission's deputy chairman, Nikolai Mirotvortsev, began rattling off a long list of items that would be available by 1975, though they have been in short supply in the past. In a highly unusual display of independence, the reporter interrupted. "In the past," he reminded the official, "people frequently had no clothes or shoes."

Under the new plan, which will be rubber-stamped in April by the 24th Party Congress, the consumer will get more—but not all that much more. The consumer-oriented industries are scheduled to expand at only a fractionally higher rate than the heavy industries. Furthermore, heavy industry will continue to absorb by far the largest share of the Soviet Union's \$542 billion investment for

the 1971-75 period while agriculture will receive 10% and the light and consumer industries about 15%.

The principal authors of the plan were Communist Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev, who personally signed the report in a departure from tradition as one more demonstration of his paramountcy within the Politburo, and Premier Aleksei Kosygin. Among the goals for 1975:

▶ An increase of up to 46% in overall industrial output, with steel up about 25% to a maximum of 150 million tons (projected 1971 U.S. production: 140.5 million tons).

▶ A rise of as much as 22% in agricultural production, a figure so modest that the Soviet Union will probably still be suffering shortages of meats, fruits and vegetables.

▶ An increase of 250% in auto output, to 1.2 million cars, which assumes that the trouble-plagued Fiat-built plant at Togliatti will have reached full production.

▶ A rise of 30% in per capita earnings. Since the average Soviet monthly wage is only \$134, the modest increase probably indicates an official desire to hold down buying power as long as consumer items remain scarce.

Moving Backward. The Soviets have seldom lived up to their goals. During the 1966-70 plan there were shortfalls of about 10% in output of steel, electricity, gas and coal. The Soviets missed by wider margins their targets for television sets, refrigerators and wearing apparel.

To meet the new goals, Moscow is counting on greatly increased productivity by the Russian worker, who now turns out only 40% as much as his U.S. counterpart. The Soviets have just set up in Moscow an Institute of

MOSCOW DEPARTMENT STORE



Business Management, which will train senior Soviet officials in modern business methods.

While many Eastern European countries are gradually giving managers more power and encouraging personal initiative, the Soviet Union appears to be moving in the opposite direction. One important indication is a new book by Soviet Economist Yevsei Liberman, whose earlier espousal of the profit motive and decentralized industrial management caused some experimentation with economic reform in the early 1960s. Liberman has now decided that free markets cannot function within a Communist society and in fact "anti-Leninist."

They Don't Try Harder

When a Moscow renter named I. Parchamovsky decided to take his family for a drive in the country, he went to the state-owned Avtoprokat and rented a Russian-made Moskvich. Poor Parchamovsky.

As he writes in a recent issue of *Izvestia*, the speedometer stopped working when he headed home to pick up his family. Next the engine went thud-thud: a connecting rod had broken and the car had to be towed back to its garage. The tow-truck driver told Parchamovsky to keep his foot on the brake to maintain a safe distance between truck and car. But when the Moskvich's brakes began to smoke, Parchamovsky took his foot off the pedal. At that instant, the truck braked abruptly to avoid a pedestrian. Result: one crumpled Moskvich right fender. At the rental agency, Parchamovsky was told what the outing would cost:

- ▶ \$11.10 (10 rubles) for the tow.
- ▶ \$77.77 for the full 24-hour, 500-kilometer rental rate because the speedometer had broken, even though he had been gone for only an hour and traveled fewer than ten kilometers.
- ▶ \$77.77 for a new fender plus the rental fee until the car was repaired and on the road again; because of notorious delays in delivery of spare parts, that might mean months and could amount to \$777.70 or more.

Parchamovsky faced a total bill of at least \$944.35, or 59% of the average Soviet annual wage. Fortunately for Parchamovsky, the agent knew a black-market garage where he could get a new fender installed immediately, so the repair cost a mere \$166.65.

Parchamovsky's case was closed. But so, too, is the Soviet rent-a-car system, which was started by Nikita Khrushchev after his 1959 visit to the U.S. Foreign tourists may still rent cars for hard currency through Intourist, the official Soviet travel agency. But the domestic rent-a-car garages have gradually been phased out. Parchamovsky's account of his plight in *Izvestia* was, at least in part, an officially sanctioned attempt to persuade Russians that they are better off without such modern nuisances.

FRANCE

Agnew à la Mode

Through the marbled corridors of Paris' Palace of Justice last week wound a singular procession. After closing down their courts, nearly a thousand magistrates from all over the capital marched through the halls in their black gowns. Across France, thousands of other magistrates suspended court in protest.

What ruffled the jurists was an ill-advised comment by a previously obscure politician named René Tomasini, 51. Elected secretary-general of the Gaullist party only last month, the outspoken Tomasini made his maiden appearance before the parliamentary correspondents' association last week, and he sounded like a Gallic Spiro Agnew. He lauded the French policeman as "the representative of liberty." He declared that any breakdown in law-and-order was not the fault of the police but was due to "the cowardice of the magistrates." He lit into the state-owned television networks for showing "the negative aspects of French life." Finally, he blamed Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas for letting the networks get away with it.

Tomasini's speech lit up switchboards all over France. Much of the reaction, he claimed, was support for his position from France's own Silent Ma-

jority. But judges, lawyers, journalists and most politicians were furious; *Combat*, a liberal anti-Gaullist newspaper, dubbed the Corsican-born secretary-general "Mussolini Tomasini." Angriest of all were France's students, who had already been demonstrating over what has become known as the "Guiot Affair." Lycée Student Gilles Guiot, 19, was arrested during a demonstration early last month for hitting a policeman; denied bail and access to a defense attorney, he was convicted on police testimony and sentenced to three months in prison. While Guiot's appeal was being heard last week, 10,000 students took over the Boulevard St.-Michel from the Sorbonne to the Seine. It was the biggest student demonstration since the May 1968 riots.

Guiot's case, as it turned out, was dismissed at the urging of the state prosecutor, who pointed out that the police might have been mistaken. The appeals-court judges, angered by Tomasini's insults, seemed delighted to comply, reversed Guiot's conviction. Tomasini withdrew his charge of cowardice after meeting with President Georges Pompidou. "Perhaps 'misunderstanding' would be a better word," he said lamely. With Tomasini backtracking and the students appeased, calm was restored for the time being, at least.



Common Market: Cowing the Six

THIS is deplorable," sniffed the Belgian Minister of Agriculture. "Call the police," demanded his German counterpart. "That cow is dribbling on the papers," shouted an aide. "Get it away from the desk!" The cow merely moored and left a steaming souvenir on the elegant green carpet of the oak-paneled conference room in the European Community's Congress Palace in Brussels.

The six agricultural ministers of the European Common Market were quietly discussing farm policies when some 60 irate Belgian farmers, accompanied by three cows, burst into the room, shouting: "Down with the Common Market! We need money

to live!" While the nervous cows mucked up the floor, the farmers presented their demands to EEC Commission Vice President Sicco Mansholt—a 6% increase in the price of dairy products and a tax on imported fats and oils. Mansholt took it all with aplomb. "This is an agricultural ministers' meeting," he said. "These things are to be expected."

While a secretary sprayed the room with a lemon-scented aerosol bomb, police and firemen ejected the intruders. Outside the palace, a Liège farmer, who felt that the ministers had not been sufficiently cowed, lamented: "My only regret is that we didn't bring along a bull."

CAR OF THE YEAR.

Motor Trend magazine has named the Chevy Vega its 1971 Car of the Year.

Actually, Motor Trend magazine has named all four Chevy Vegas its 1971 Car of the Year. They say it's because of Vega's engineering excellence, timeliness, styling and overall value. Naturally, we're pretty happy about it. For lots of reasons.

One is the fact that the award came from Motor Trend. Because the people at Motor Trend know cars inside and out. And after testing 10 nominees, they chose our little Vega. Shucks.

Reason number two. This is obviously the year of the little car in the big automotive world. And while there are lots of little cars that could have been Car of the Year, only one is. Ours.

A third reason. We've been saying for months now that Vega is the little car that does everything well. Lucky for us, lots of you took our word for it and bought a Vega. Our thanks.

As for the rest of you, you not only have our word for it, you have Motor Trend's: "For the money, no other American car can deliver more."

Vega. It's a lot of little car.

- ☐ I'm interested. Please send me some literature on the Vega.
- ☐ I'm very interested. Please send me literature and contact me for a Vega test-drive.
- ☐ I'm so interested that I already bought a Vega. Please send me a Car of the Year sticker for my car window.

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ASTRO (America's Sound Transportation Review Organization) in your newspaper, you should know that this is the group interested in preserving our nation's railroads. ASTRO suggests that federal legislation be passed to assist railroads in their struggle to hold their own by offering financial help on rights of way and equipment, providing the same support as rail competitors have received. ASTRO and the L&N suggest you write your Congressmen and Senators to support the ASTRO program.



THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD



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**"I ask one thing from my cigarette:
real tobacco flavor.
You better believe I get it.
I smoke Old Gold Filters."**

Old Gold Filters. The cigarette for independent people.



Two things
by which a man
is judged...
One is
his scotch.

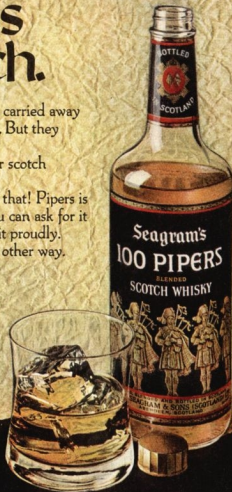
Those Scots! They do get carried away when talking about their scotch. But they do have a point.

Admit it...we all wear our scotch like a badge.

And Pipers never forgets that! Pipers is finer, Pipers tastes better. So you can ask for it proudly, enjoy it proudly, serve it proudly. The Scots wouldn't have it any other way. Bless them.

Pipers

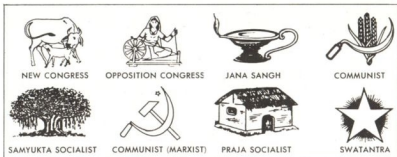
It's made proudly.
Drink it that way.



INDIA Of Sacred Cows and Squint-Eyed Uncles

In teeming India, everything happens in superlatives, including elections. Next week some 270 million people, the largest free electorate in the world, will be eligible to vote as the nation chooses a new, 515-seat Lok Sabha, or lower house of Parliament. The voting will continue for ten days, and in one state alone (Kerala), 60,000 people will be needed to count ballots.

Confronting the voters will be the most crucial choice since India won independence 23 years ago. On one side is Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, 53, imperious daughter of the late Jawaharlal Nehru. Indira wants "a fresh mandate" for her New Congress Party so that she may pursue her populist policies, which so far have not gone very far toward solving India's multitudinous problems. Squared off against Indira is one of the oddest political alliances ever hatched. The four-party coalition, formed in January, consists of the right-wing, free-enterprise Swatantra Party; the Hindi-speaking, anti-Moslem Jana Sangh; the Opposition Congress Party, a split-off from Indira's Congress Party; and the Samyukta Socialist Party (not to be confused with the older Praja Socialist Party). Asked why he joined so bizarre a grouping, Swatantra Boss M.R. ("Minnoo") Masani replied by quoting a local proverb: "In a family a squint-eyed



uncle is better than no uncle at all."

The alliance was spurred by the Opposition Congress Party, whose leaders are still bitter about the split over party leadership in November 1969. Though Indira managed to keep 228 seats, she was left as the leader of a minority government dependent on India's two Communist parties and a regional party to remain in power.

Kali Reincarnate. The conflicting ideologies of the coalition members have made the alliance an uneasy one, at best. Bitter enemies sometimes found themselves unwilling partners. In south Bombay, for instance, Opposition Congress Party Boss S.K. Patil was forced to seek election in a neighboring state so that his arch foe, Samyukta Socialist George Fernandes, could run.

The alliance has no common program but to oust Mrs. Gandhi. Its candidates portray her as a dictator and imply that she is a reincarnation of Kali, the Hindu

goddess of destruction, who wears a necklace of human skulls and bears dripping severed heads in her hands. Says Mrs. Gandhi of her opponents: "I want to get rid of poverty. All they want to do is get rid of Indira."

Mrs. Gandhi has charged that the Jana Sangh wants to do so quite literally—by assassinating her. The idea of violence is not all that remote; in the past month, some 100 persons have died as a result of electoral quarrels. Nevertheless, Indira does not shrink from the huge, open-air rallies that are the mainstay of an Indian campaign. In Hyderabad last week, a hail of shoes and stones was aimed at the rostrum as she spoke. None of the missiles struck her, and Indira, unshaken, inquired: "Has someone opened a new sandal shop in Hyderabad? If so, he must be making a fortune."

Socialist Solutions. "She is the only man in a Cabinet of old women," said one Indian observer when Mrs. Gandhi became Prime Minister in 1966, alluding to the fat and gossipy old men who then ruled her party. Up at 5 a.m. and rarely to bed before midnight, she delivers as many as 40 speeches a day. During the six-week campaign, she will have visited all of India's 19 states, traveled tens of thousands of miles, often in a caravan of gleaming white World War II-vintage jeeps, and spoken to an estimated 100 million people.

Her unvarying theme is India's desperate need for Socialist reform. "Socialism aims at lessening the economic disparities among people," she says, "and we have no greater cause for discontentment than the disparities between the rich and the poor." Indira also stresses the importance of family planning, the decentralization of monopolies, the agricultural revolution and the need for small-business opportunities. Her desire to rule with a clear parliamentary majority is fired by her sense of the urgent need for economic development. "If we don't move faster, people aren't prepared to wait for us," she says. "They'll try to take the solution into their own hands."

Mrs. Gandhi reminds voters to look for the New Congress Party's symbol on the ballot. Since perhaps 70% of the voters are illiterate, all parties use symbols (see above), and some ballots bear a score or more. Given the importance of the sacred cow in Hinduism, the New Congress symbol could hardly be more effective—a cow and a calf.

Britain: Lament for a Lost Currency

WHEN Decimal Day dawned last week, the British kept the pound (or quid) and such variations as the 5-, 10- and 20-pound notes. But in dividing the pound into 100 new pence instead of 240 old pennies, they lost all their old coins. The ha'penny, thrup'ny and sixpenny pieces and the shilling in all its variations are being withdrawn from circulation. They lost something more: many colorful examples of cockney slang, which substitutes rhymed phrases for action words—such as "gawd forbids" for bothersome kids and "trouble and strife" for a nagging wife. No rhymes have yet surfaced for the new currency, hence the following lament.

Life's not the same since the decimals came.

*A Lady Godiva is still a fiver,
A lost and found exactly a pound,
A saucepan lid the same as a quid,
And bees and honey, as ever, is money.*

(Tourists take note: a hoot and holler

*Even today is a U.S. dollar.)
But there's no more talk of a rogue
and villain,*

The cockney term for the good old shillin',

*Forget about the lord of the manor,
The term once applied to a sixpence
(or tanner).*

*And speak nevermore of a cockle
and hen,*

*For the blighters have gone and
banished the ten.*

*Now there's five pence, ten pence,
50 pence too,
And all are as dreary as mud on a shoe.*

*Or is there rhymed sense in these
damnable pence?*

*Might one, for example, call two
pence a deuce,*

*Which then could be rhymed with
sauce for the goose?*

*The one might become a thimble
and thumb*

*And the half, of course, a cow and
a calf.*

*In cockney slang, there may yet be
a laugh.*

First you judge an airline by what it's done.

- 1927** First U.S. airline to offer international service.
1928 First airline to order aircraft built to its own specifications.
1929 First airline to develop and employ instrument flying.
1929 First U.S. airline to develop a complete aviation weather service.
1929 First airline to employ flight stewards and serve meals to passengers.
1929 First airline to fly to the Caribbean.
1930 First airline to fly to South America.
1932 First airline to install galleys (kitchens) aboard its aircraft.
1934 First U.S. airline to fly to Siberia.
1935 First airline to install facilities for heating food on board.
1935 First airline to fly the Pacific.
1936 First airline to inaugurate cargo service over the Pacific.
1937 First U.S. airline to offer service to Bermuda.
1939 First airline over the Atlantic with mail and passenger service.
1940 First airline to assign a flight meteorologist to aircraft crews.
1940 First airline to inaugurate direct air service between the U.S. and Alaska.
1941 First airline to inaugurate regularly scheduled service to Africa.
1942 First airline to complete a round-the-world flight.
1942 First airline to offer international service with all-cargo aircraft.
1945 First airline to show full length movies.
1946 First airline to fly the great circle route to Tokyo.
1947 First airline to build and operate hotels in foreign countries to insure adequate accommodations for air travelers.
1948 First airline to provide regularly scheduled low-cost tourist service anywhere in the world.
1948 First airline to offer menu selection aloft.
1948 First airline to offer service between the West Coast and Hawaii.
1951 First airline to publish a comprehensive international travel guide. ("New Horizons" World Guide," most popular travel guide ever published.)
1953 First airline to introduce a pay-later plan.
1955 First airline to order U.S. commercial jets.
1958 First airline to operate scheduled transatlantic service with U.S. built jets.
1959 First airline to open a scheduled round-the-world jet service.
1961 First airline to offer a worldwide marketing service for shippers and importers around the world.
1962 First airline to make 100,000 transatlantic flights.
1962 First airline to establish a global electronic reservations system.
1964 First airline to relay in-flight messages via Satellite Syncom III.
1965 First airline to operate round-the-world jet freighters.
1966 First airline to order the Boeing 747 superjet.
1970 First airline to fly the 747.
1970 First airline to fly one million passengers on the 747.

Wake Island, 1935.

The sole inhabitants were Pan Am people.

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We introduced this great ship to the world on January 21, 1970 and now fly more 747's to more places in the world than any other airline.

Further, during 1971 every single 747 in our fleet is being sent back through the factory for extensive engineering improvements and modifications that will help our people make your flight more pleasant and comfortable than ever.

In case you're wondering why we continue to improve upon a plane as good as the 747, it's simply because that's the way we are.

3. We're that way about the service aboard our planes too. Back in 1935 we served the first hot (sort of) meal ever served aboard a plane.

Since then our chefs have turned dining aloft into such an art that on many flights we even serve the cuisine of the country you're flying to.

At present, you can enjoy these epicurean delights on flights to England, France, Germany, Belgium/Holland, Scandinavia, Portugal and Brazil. First class and economy.

And you'll soon be able to enjoy them on our flights to the other side of the world. Over the Pacific to the Orient.

4. In addition to the joy of good food, we make your flight seem shorter with the pleasure of good movies. And for the standard \$2.50 you have a choice of two. Current or classic (very old favorites).

Or if you prefer to sleep, we'll help you doze off with music selected and arranged for that purpose.

If you want to relax without sleeping there are as many as eight other channels to listen to.

If you're traveling with children you can breathe a sigh of relief because we have a channel for them too. Along with a rock channel for teenagers.

Of course, you may wish to be left alone with just a blanket and a pillow and a drink and a magazine. If so, you will be. That's part of our service too.

5. However, like many people, you may not wish to be left alone after you arrive.

Which is why we and your Pan Am® travel agent offer everything from pre-planned tours that provide you with a guide, to do-it-yourself tours that show you how to be your own guide. Prices start low with a beginners tour of Europe and range all the way up to a "Now I've Seen Everything" tour of the world.

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Africa: Rumbblings on a Fault Line

Across the midsection of Africa, at roughly the point where the savanna meets the tropical forest, a kind of human fault line separates the Arab world from Black Africa. This zone of instability, from Chad to the Horn, is a battleground where Arab guerrillas are pitted against black governments, and African rebels against Arab regimes. In a sense, two of the stubbornest rebellions—the civil war in the southern Sudan and the Eritrean uprising in northern Ethiopia—are extensions of the Arab-Israeli conflict to the north. The situation in the Sudan has been further complicated by the Soviet Union's powerful thrust toward the Indian Ocean.

SUDAN

The Soviet Viet Nam

Like their neighbors in Egypt, the men who run the Sudan have found foreign Communists a good deal easier to get along with than the domestic variety. Two weeks ago, Major General Jaafar Numeiry, 41, the Sudan's leftist leader, vowed that he would "crush and destroy" the country's 6,000-member Communist Party. The local Communists, he said, were guilty of everything from sabotage to poking fun at the Sudanese armed forces.

Nonetheless, Numeiry's revolutionary regime is becoming more and more dependent on the military support of the Soviet Union, which has some 500 advisers in the Sudan. Farther down the Horn of Africa in Somalia (see map), there are an estimated 325 Russian advisers. Last year the Russians began to construct a naval base at Port Sudan on the Red Sea, an installation that will be useful, once the Suez Canal is reopened, in the further expansion of Soviet naval activity in the Indian Ocean. Now the Russians are installing SA-2 anti-aircraft missiles to defend the base.

Even more startling is the fact that about 100 of the Sudan's Soviet ad-

visers are directly helping the Khartoum government to prosecute its civil war against 6,000,000 black southerners. (The north contains 6,000,000 Arabs and 3,000,000 blacks.) The southerners demand autonomy within a federation, arguing that under the existing system they will never be given any real authority by the Arabs of the north; at independence in 1956, for example, the northerners grabbed off 796 of the 800 available government posts. There is, moreover, a long history of hatred between the two regions: in the 19th century, Arab slave traders from Khartoum and Cairo carried off 2,000,000 blacks in chains from southern Sudan.

Drums Sounding. Since last September the Russians have engaged in ground operations in all three southern provinces. Last month they accompanied Sudanese army units in a raid on the main guerrilla camp. Owing-ki-bul (an Acholi war cry that means "Hear the drums sounding"), attacking the southerners by surprise while many were bathing in a river. The rebel *Anyanya* (who took their name from the poison of a cobra or scorpion) lost a dozen men and considerable equipment. A bombing raid against a rebel base at Morta near the Uganda border



caused nearly 1,000 civilian casualties.

Russians have almost certainly flown helicopters into combat against southern rebels. They, as well as Egyptian pilots, may also have conducted bombing missions with AN-12 transports and two squadrons of TU-16 medium bombers. The Russians, in addition, are known to have carried out MIG training missions in the north, but whether they have flown MIGs into combat in the south is uncertain.

In any case, the Soviets have already set two unwelcome precedents for themselves: never before have they participated so actively in a Third World counterinsurgency effort, and never have they fought against Black Africans and helped bomb their villages. The situation prompted an Oslo newspaper, *Morgenbladet*, to headline a Sudan story a bit hyperbolically: THE SOVIETS HAVE THEIR VIET NAM.

Soldier of Fortune. The southerners have received some modest foreign support of their own. In September 1969—about three months after Numeiry seized power in Khartoum and aligned the Sudan more closely with Egypt—the Israelis began parachuting arms and supplies from an unmarked DC-3 to Owing-ki-bul. The DC-3 apparently flies in from either southwestern Ethiopia or northern Uganda; Israel provides extensive aid to both countries. Because the Khartoum government has allowed Ethiopia's Eritrean rebels to cross the Sudan while returning to their own country from overseas, Emperor Haile Selassie has permitted the southern Sudanese to take refuge in Ethiopia from time to time.

Until recently, the southerners were also aided by one of Africa's more notorious soldiers of fortune, German-born Mercenary Rolf Steiner. A veteran of losing battles in Indochina, Algeria and Biafra, Steiner spent some 13 months trying to train the rebels to fight the ruling Arabs. "They fight very well against each other," he once said. "But against the Arabs they feel inferior."

Late last year Steiner was captured

SOUTHERN SUDANESE REBELS ON PATROL

MERCENARY STEINER



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WORLD'S MOST ACCURATE
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There is no better metering system.

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Lens quality is harder to "eyeball." But at your dealer's counter you can check Takumar's extra-rugged barreling and ball bearing focusing mechanism, the preciseness of the thread mountings.

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Crime is up across the country.
Not in Syracuse, New York.
There crime has dropped. Sharply.
62% in one neighborhood.

Police Chief Thomas Sardino,
left, figures the success of a General
Electric innovation—Crime Control
Teams—had a lot to do with it.

GE was working with the Syracuse police, looking for ways to apply new technology to police work. After an analysis of police operations and crime, they realized technology alone wasn't enough. Something new was needed. The result was the Crime Control Team.

This team concept is unique in American police work. It gives responsibility for crime control back to patrolmen on the beat. And frees them from routine jobs unrelated to crime.

Each member of a Crime Con-

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The first team has been working in a representative neighborhood of Syracuse. And in the first year, crime there dropped 62%!

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helping
Man

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



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**Most of cigarette smoke is gas.
Lark's Gas-TrapTM filter uses the same type
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If you like the taste of gas you'll hate the taste of Lark.

by Uganda police while spending a few days of unofficial rest and recuperation outside the war zone. After three months in a Uganda jail, Steiner was secretly turned over to Sudanese authorities. He is now in prison in Khartoum, where his fate will be settled by still another group of foreign Communists. The case against him is being prepared by some of the 50 East Germans who advise the Sudanese Interior Ministry on security techniques.

ETHIOPIA

The Shum-Shir Game

Until a few months ago, guerrilla activity in the northern Ethiopian province of Eritrea amounted to little more than an occasional attempt to hijack an airliner. The Ethiopian government scornfully referred to the predominantly Moslem members of the Eritrean Liberation Front as *shifita* (bandits), and Emperor Haile Selassie dismissed their activity as "insignificant."

Suddenly the guerrilla war has come to life. Last November the rebels devastated two villages in western Eritrea. At Debre Sila they killed 52 villagers and burned 200 houses. At Ademdem they ordered residents into their homes, set fire to the village and shot everyone who tried to escape. Both villages, significantly, were Christian. At about the same time, commandos ambushed and killed an Ethiopian general on a narrow canyon road. Last month they blew up two gasoline trucks only five miles from Asmara, the provincial capital, and ambushed and killed an American soldier from Kagnaw Station, the giant U.S. military-communications base.

Arab Front. The seeds of the current revolt lie deep in Eritrea's history. A field of battle between Arabs and Ethiopians since the 8th century, it became

an Italian colony in 1885 and remained one until 1941. After World War II, Eritrea was turned over to Ethiopia under a United Nations mandate. In 1962 the last shreds of autonomy were stripped away when it was integrated into the Ethiopian empire.

The Liberation Front was organized twelve years ago as an organization of both Christians and Moslems. Increasingly, however, it has become an Arab socialist front, with headquarters in Damascus; hundreds of Christians, mostly Copts, have deserted the movement in recent months. Many of its members receive training in Aden or even in China; they return by crossing the Red Sea in dhows or by slipping across the 1,000-mile Sudanese border.

The front's 3,000 combatants have the run of the Eritrean countryside but do not control it. Says an Ethiopian division commander, Brigadier General Merid Bayene: "They are trained to ambush, but they can't stand and fight for more than two minutes in one spot."

The Ethiopian government has responded to E.L.F. tactics by declaring a state of emergency and placing most of Eritrea, with its 2,000,000 people, under military rule. Asmara, a sunny city of stucco buildings and broad piazzas that is perched atop a 7,600-ft. plateau, shows few signs of trouble. But the calm ends at the city limits. In the hope of denying food to the guerrillas, the army is moving much of the rural

population, Viet Nam-style, into some 200 "fortified villages." Rebel activity has fallen off sharply since the army offensive began three months ago, but even a ranking Ethiopian officer admits: "All we're doing is alienating the countryside, making the population more bitter than it was before."

Enduring Feudalism. Even without guerrilla warfare in Eritrea, Haile Selassie's ancient empire is haunted by grave troubles. Its 25 million people, a fusion of Semites, Hamites, Nilotics and Bantus, have an average per capita income of \$63 per year (one of the lowest in the world). Only 7% can read. Nine out of every ten Ethiopians are subsistence farmers, and 60% of these are tenants on feudal estates. Cities are haunted by bands of beggars and thieves.

In the 54 years since he came to power, the Emperor, now 78, has tried to nudge his medieval land toward the modern world. He has built a public school system that few attend, established an income tax that few pay and created a Parliament that has little power. The country's most basic need, land reform, is stymied because most parliamentarians and Cabinet members are landholders. "My biggest problem," says one government official, "is convincing the Minister of Land Reform that land reform is necessary." One-third of this year's \$208 million budget is allocated to defense and security, with practically nothing for industrial and agricultural development.

Two for One. For decades, the Emperor has maintained control by playing the game of *shum-shir* (up-down in Amharic), a technique of raising and lowering his subordinates' status so as to maintain their loyalty without letting them become overly powerful. In the same way he balances his security forces against each other. In Eritrea, for example, there are two ranking generals but only one division, a paramilitary force of 5,000 field police to balance the division and a smaller force of home guards to balance the police. The inescapable conclusion is that the Emperor's fear of an internal coup is greater than his fear of the E.L.F. rebels.



REBEL WATER CARRIER

ERITREAN GUERRILLA



EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE



GAZNA—PHOTOPOSTERS



E.L.F. SOLDIERS ON THE MOVE

PEOPLE

On its higher levels, at least, black protest sometimes bears a surprising resemblance to black capitalism. Last week, for instance, the Internal Revenue Service disclosed a claim against Ex-patriate **Stokely Carmichael**, former chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and his wife, **Singer Miriam Makeba**, for \$48,193 in income taxes for 1968 and 1969. Reporter **Tim Findley** of the *San Francisco Chronicle* wrote up a visit he recently paid to the \$700-a-month penthouse pad of **Black Panther Supreme Commander Huey P. Newton**. "I stay here because it's a security building," Newton said, looking out at the panorama of Oakland visible through the apartment's floor-to-ceiling windows. "I feel like I'm a prisoner." Appropriately enough, Newton's 25th-floor "prison" has a very comfortable view of another security building he has lived in—the Alameda County Jail.

German Actor **Curt Jurgens** can enjoy a good many of life's pleasures at his house on the Côte d'Azur—and all at the same time. He need only raise a trap door before his hearth to loll in a red-tiled tub-for-two before a blazing fire, sipping a cup of something, while chatting with guests sitting on fur-covered sofas, and watching his pretty wife **Simone** whip up a delicious meal. The Jurgens farmhouse is one enormous room, designed for sybaritic simplicity against what Jurgens calls "the inevitable day when there'll be no domestic servants—even for the very rich." Outside, for a change of pace, is an electric sauna for four and a heatable swimming pool.

"Prince Charles is atop **Christine Keeler**, and he's riding her hard," rasped the public address system. The crowd cheered. This **Christine Keeler** was a polo pony, of course, lent to the Prince of Wales for a few chuckers with the Nairobi Polo Club on his tour of Kenya with **Sister Princess Anne**. Later, Charles bestowed his first accolade. With the traditional ceremonial sword of the Princes of Wales he dubbed **William Duffus**, President of the Appeal Court of East Africa, on both shoulders, pronouncing him "Sir William," and motioned him to rise. Then, the ceremony of knighthood being what it is these days, he smiled somewhat sheepishly and shook Sir William's hand.

Hardly since **General Douglas MacArthur**'s "I shall return" has so momentous a comeback loomed. According to Italian Cinema Director **Luchino Visconti**, fabled Film Star **Greta Garbo**, 65, who has been dodging cameras for 30 years, has actually asked to play in his forthcoming movie version of **Marcel Proust's** seven-volume *Remembrance of Things Past*. The role that caught her fancy: **Maria Sophia**, the sixtyish Queen of Naples, who will have only one scene. Nothing has been signed as yet, but Visconti sounded as if Garbo's reappearance was already a *fait accompli*. Said he: "I am very pleased at the idea that this woman, with her severe and authoritarian presence, should figure in the decadent and rarefied climate of the world described by Proust."

"I am not like a tree," says 15-year-old **Annette Ferra**, "for which I am glad. I have an Italian figure." An-



THE NEW LOLITA
Unbarboreal construction.

nette's unbarboreal construction helped her land the title role in *Lolita*, **My Love**, the musical version of **Vladimir Nabokov's** well-known novel, which opened in Philadelphia last week and is scheduled for Broadway in April. In fact, when she auditioned for book-and-lyrics Writer **Alan Jay Lerner** and Producer **Norman Twain**, her ace in the hole was a poster of herself in a bikini. "This is what Lolita looks like," she announced. The daughter of the Naples-born owner of a Los Angeles nightclub, **Annette** has neither seen the movie ("I was too young") nor read the book. "I don't read much fiction," she explains. "The last book I read was *Psycho-Cybernetics*."

G.I.s seem about to benefit from the ideological differences in show biz. Actress **Jane Fonda** last week announced the formation of a group of topflight entertainers to tour U.S. military bases with an antiwar stage show. Headliners involved so far include Actors **Elliott Gould**, **Donald Sutherland** and **Peter Boyle**, Comedian **Dick Gregory**, Folk Singer **Barbara Dane**, the rock group known as **Swamp Dogg**. Under the auspices of the U.S. Servicemen's Fund, which has sponsored many of the peace-oriented coffeehouses now located near Army camps, the group has applied for permission to play Fort Bragg, N.C., on March 13 and 14. If it is turned down, the show will go on at nearby Fayetteville's Haymarket Square Coffeehouse. "We are not happy about the fact," said Miss Fonda, "that **Bob Hope**, **Martha Raye** and people of that political ilk would seem to have a corner on the market when it comes to entertaining soldiers, and we want to show that is not true."



CURT & SIMONE AT HOME
Sybaritic simplicity.

ENVIRONMENT

Oil's Aftermath

One of the incidents most responsible for jolting Americans into an awareness of the environmental crisis took place on Jan. 28, 1969. A Union Oil Co. well, six miles out in California's Santa Barbara Channel, ruptured; it gushed unchecked for eleven days, polluting 400 sq. mi. of sea with crude oil, coating beaches and apparently killing much marine life. Petroleum companies spent perhaps \$5,000,000 to clean up the mess; conservationists organized to mourn and restore the despoiled region. Stewart Udall, the former Interior Secretary who authorized the sale (for \$603 million) of the offshore drilling rights in the channel, termed the spill "my Bay of Pigs."

But was the apparent disaster really all that bad? To analyze the spill's long-term consequences, the Western Oil & Gas Association, in cooperation with the Federal Government, sponsored a twelve-month, \$240,000 study by the University of Southern California's Allan Hancock Foundation—with no restrictions on the type of research or publication. Last week the university released its report. The major (and unexpectedly optimistic) findings: damage to beaches, flora and fauna was "much less than predicted," and "the area is recovering well."

Into the Bosin. That conclusion is especially surprising since the California study indicates that estimates of the oil spill by both Government agencies and the drilling companies (up to 3,000,000 gal.) were too low, though the real figure is not yet known. Nonetheless, the oil gushing from the channel well had little effect on sand movement. Geologist Ronald L. Kolpack points out that the Santa Barbara area experienced the heaviest rains in 40 years at the time



DR. DALE STRAUGHAN
Recovering from a "Bay of Pigs."

of the spill. As a result, tons of silt washed into the channel, adhered to the oil and finally settled in the deep basin of the channel—where most of the oil now remains.

The floods commenced any long-range assessment of the ecological effects of the spill. The rain water lowered the shore line's salt content and probably swept freshly sprayed pesticides into the channel. Even so, says Dr. Dale Straughan, a pretty 31-year-old zoologist who compiled the biological part of the survey, tests by university researchers "failed to reveal any effects of oil pollution" on the channel's zooplankton and phytoplankton; similarly, sea plants and the production of fish and larvae were not lastingly affected. Although one variety of barnacle was smothered by the oil and about 4,000 sea birds (out of a local population of 12,000) perished in the spill, other species—including local seals and the migrating gray whale—escaped unharmed.

The major reason for the low animal-mortality rate, according to Dr. Straughan, is that toxins are the lightest components of oil and thus float to the water's surface where they rapidly evaporate. Her conclusion contradicts research undertaken by the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute in Massachusetts. After studying the aftermath of a spill of refined oil in 1969 off West Falmouth, Dr. Max Blumer of the institute reported that the most toxic elements of oil are actually the most persistent. In rebuttal, Dr. Straughan contends that the West Falmouth spill occurred close to shore, so the toxins did not have a chance to dissipate before contaminating marine life. At Santa Barbara, the less harmful crude oil drifted for days before hitting the beaches.

Not surprisingly, the report is already being challenged by conservationists and other ocean researchers. Dr. Kristian Fauchald of U.S.C., who worked with Dr. Straughan on the project, disagreed so violently with her findings that she screamed at him, "I did not sell out to the oil companies." He and other marine experts found significant reductions in a type of sea worm and in the variety of intertidal fauna. Fauchald says, however, that it is uncertain whether the reduction is the result of oil seepage or of other factors, such as sewage, pesticides and changing salinity. Yet another critic of the report has charged that the survey techniques were too "insensitive" to detect anything but massive changes in the environment. Whether its conclusions are right or wrong, the report unquestionably adds to the surprisingly small volume of scientific data on the effect of crude oil spilled at sea.

Of Salts and Safety

Almost every community in the northern U.S. uses de-icing salts to help clear snowbound roads. The use of salts is up 300% since 1960 (to 9,000,000 tons last year). Now these cheap and efficient de-icers have been identified as an annoying source of pollution in at least 13 states.

The major problem with the massive use of de-icing salts—in addition to the havoc they wreak on automobile underbodies—is that they damage roadside vegetation and, more important, seep into nearby water supplies. The salts not only give the water a brackish taste, but can be a genuine health hazard as well. In Massachusetts, 62 communities were warned by the state health department last year that their drinking water contained enough sodium to endanger the lives of people with heart or kidney ailments who were on strict low-salt diets. Tests in Minnesota disclosed that even the anticorrosive additives in the salts, designed to prevent auto rust, can do more harm than good: phosphates in the additives are nutrients that can speed eutrophication, the natural aging process of bodies of water. Some additives used to prevent the salts' caking contain compounds that decompose into poisonous cyanide ions.

In response to such complaints, some chemical companies are trying to figure out ways of taking the sting out of de-icers. Meanwhile, it is hard to argue with highway officials who insist that banning the de-icers would present an even greater hazard to public health and safety. As evidence they cite the example of Burlington, Mass., which last December decided to ban the use of salts on its roads after detecting high sodium levels in its drinking water. This winter the community's schools have been closed more often than those of neighboring towns because of icy roads, and minor auto accidents have increased notably.

SLICK ON SANTA BARBARA HARBOR (1969)



MEDICINE

Better Care for Burn Victims

Of all bodily injuries, few are more traumatic than burns. By searing through flesh and muscle, destroying nerves and blood vessels, and setting up a fertile breeding ground for infection, burns can cripple, disfigure and kill. Last year alone, approximately 7,500 Americans, 1,800 of them under age 15, died of burns. Although this toll is fearsome, the number of burn deaths has remained relatively constant while the population has increased, and the recovery rate from serious burns has improved significantly. The reason: better care for burn victims.

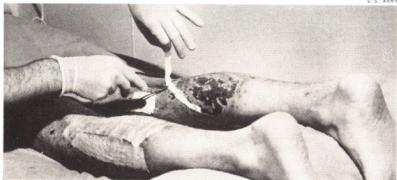
Since 1947, twelve U.S. hospitals have opened well-equipped burn centers to carry on research and teaching pro-

are now using the victim's own skin. Physicians at the Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio use skin patches taken from unburned areas of the patient's body. Stretched so that they cover as much as nine times their original area, the dressings help prevent the formation of scar tissue and hasten the growth of new skin.

► Some of the worst aftereffects of burns—scars and crippling skin contracture—have been minimized or eliminated by techniques now in use at the Burns Institute of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children in Galveston, Texas. There, doctors have found that prompt application of lightweight plastic casts keeps burned flesh from contracting as it heals; pressure bandages kept in place 24 hours a day control the buildup of

its defenders. The World Health Organization, admittedly more concerned with public health than conservation, has warned that a ban on DDT spraying could doom worldwide malaria-eradication efforts, which in the past 25 years have freed more than 1 billion people from the debilitating disease.

In sounding the alarm, which should give pause to even the most ardent environmentalists, WHO pointed to the experience of Ceylon, located off the southern tip of India in a tropical climate ideal for the breeding of the malaria-carrying Anopheles mosquito. There, a concentrated campaign of DDT spraying cut the incidence of malaria from 2.8 million cases in 1946 to only 110 cases in 1961. But after Ceylonese authorities, considering the battle won, dropped the spraying program, the disease returned with a vengeance. During 1968 and 1969, it afflicted 2.5 million people.



DOCTOR USING SKIN TO COVER BURN
The best treatment is to cool it.

grams and provide victims with the specialized treatment their injuries require. Another twenty hospitals have established smaller "burn units" in which only burn victims will be handled, while at least 46 others have instituted specific courses of treatment for burn patients. All of the institutions are making use of several recent advances in burn-treatment techniques:

► Topical creams or burn dressings containing silver sulfadiazine and sulfa derivatives are being used in addition to the traditional method of sterilization—bathing burns with 0.5% silver nitrate solution. The new dressings cut the rate of infection by *Pseudomonas* bacteria—once the primary cause of burn deaths—in half. In addition, Dr. Irving Feller of the University of Michigan burn center in Ann Arbor has developed a treatment that combines infusions of blood plasma from immunized donors with shots of anti-pseudomonas vaccine. The treatment, which has been in use since 1965, has cut the infection death rate from 32% to 9%.

► Better wound coverings have also improved burn victims' prospects by preventing excessive loss of essential fluids, which lowers resistance. Doctors, who routinely take skin from animals and cadavers to cover serious burns,

scar tissue and prevent the formation of disfiguring welts. As a result, burn patients who might once have had to undergo a long series of corrective and cosmetic operations can now avoid surgery in three out of four cases.

Despite such advances, doctors continue to stress that prompt first aid—before the victim reaches the hospital—can reduce both the scope and the seriousness of many burns. The best treatment, they agree, is to cool the burn immediately. Prompt immersion in cold water, says Dr. John Moncrief of the University of South Carolina, has the same effect on a burn as on a lighted match: it "puts out the fire." Equally important, the burn is prevented from spreading, thus minimizing both the damage and the discomfort, maximizing the prospects for recovery.

In Defense of DDT

In the nine years since Rachel Carson's book *Silent Spring* first documented DDT's disastrous effects on animal life, environmentalists have carried on a determined campaign against the potent pesticide. The U.S. Government has responded to their efforts by restricting the use of DDT. Several states have gone even further, banning the chemical completely. But DDT still has

Packaging for Premies

THRUST out into the world before they are ready, premature babies must be kept warmer than full-term infants if they are to survive. Thus, hospitals have long placed premies in temperature-controlled incubators, where some cooling occurs each time the baby is fed or treated. Now there is another way. After experiments with hooded bags of the bubbled, air-pocketed polyethylene material used to package glassware, a team of researchers at the University of Cincinnati Medical Center has found that the stuff can prevent damage to kids as well as to merchandise. In a test involving 85 newborn babies, they discovered that the temperatures of unpackaged infants fell by more than 2° during the first 40 minutes of life. But the temperature drop was only half as much for babies placed in the bubbly bunting within minutes of birth.

NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF MEDICINE



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MODERN LIVING

Life in the Round

"When my ideas are needed badly enough, they're accepted. So I just invent, then wait until man comes around to needing what I've invented."

—Buckminster Fuller

The time seems to have come at last for Fuller's best-known idea: the geodesic dome that he first patented in 1954. Long used for large exhibition halls and warehouses, it suddenly has caught on as a dome-icile. Hillsides and forests from Connecticut to California are being covered with easy-to-build, simple-to-maintain dome homes.

There are conflicting explanations for the new-found popularity of the dome. For some, it is a matter of life-style. Says Lloyd Kahn, a California teacher who is a leading proselytizer of dome living: "People who like domes are people who want to change their lives, who want to break out of the little boxes in which people have always lived in the Western world." Gary Miller, vice president of Tension Structures, a Michigan dome-building firm, points out that circular living is not new. "Indians and Eskimos used it for centuries. People like circular things because they give a feeling of warmth and friendliness. Because they're less formal than square walls, which are esthetically cold, dome houses are appropriate for our informal times."

More pragmatic reasons are offered by Chicago Architect Lawrence J. Harrison, who is building his own dome home. "The dome is the greatest thing since the tent," he says. "It's cheap, efficient, simple to put together and is the most economic way of covering

space. This is not just the answer to low-cost housing. This is the answer to low-cost, cooperative, self-built housing."

Domes are indeed relatively easy to put together. The basic units are equilateral triangles bolted together at each angle to form a many-faceted hemisphere. Four men only moderately skillful with tools can put up an average dome in about eight hours. Costs are modest. Cadco of New York State offers a 39-foot diameter dome with 1,100 sq. ft. of living space for \$4,900 (erected). Doors, windows, heating and foundation all add to the cost. Cadco's rule-of-thumb estimate of total cost is about \$9.50 per square foot. Dynadome, of Phoenix, Ariz., sells its 40-foot dome in kit form for \$2,500.

There are disadvantages too. Kahn, author of *Domebook One*, a basic dome dweller text, says: "Leaking is the dome's biggest drawback." He adds, however, that the problem is well on the way to solution: new caulking materials make it possible to seal chronically leaky seams. Another disadvantage is the free movement of air in the usually non-partitioned domes, which makes them noisy to live in—but easy to heat and cool. Ordinary furniture looks awkward in domes: built for rectangular homes, familiar chairs and tables do not fit against curving walls (dome dwellers have already designed furniture that will). Bathrooms pose another problem. "You use the same kind of plumbing," says Kahn, "but it's difficult to get a shape that works with the rest of the geometry." For this reason, several builders have erected domes that are three-quarters or seven-eighths (instead of half) of a sphere. That enables the dome dwellers

to live in an uncluttered, unpartitioned hemisphere with enough space below the main living level for bathroom and storage facilities. Conventionally designed doors and windows pose aesthetic difficulties: the traditional right-angled shapes do not fit gracefully into a dome's curves. Thus triangular windows and entrances that tunnel under the dome's walls are gaining favor.

Class Struggle. Richard Slater, an engineer and expert on low-cost housing for the Federal Government, doubts that the dome will ever become the favorite form of housing for the masses. "Low-income families," he says, "usually aspire to the split-level ranch-style homes that higher-income families have. As long as the dome has the reputation of a low-cost home, no one will want to live in one."

Despite such doubts, domes are mushrooming in a dizzying array of skins—from the wood and metal favored by kit manufacturers to brick, stone, cement and plastic. Kahn has experimented with domes of plywood walls insulated with nitrogen-filled vinyl pillows, aluminum frames covered with Plexiglas, and wood covered with burlap then sprayed with quick-hardening plastic foam. Perhaps the most interesting new project is one involving the use of Mylar plastic film coated so that one side reflects light while the other is transparent. Outsiders thus see only an opaque dome, but those inside have an unobstructed view of the world.

Design Teacher Jay Baldwin lives with his domemate Kathleen in a totally transparent dome in the Santa Cruz mountains. "At first," says Baldwin, "people say, 'Far out, you live in a transparent dome.' But for us it becomes just like the windshield of a car. You get unaware of it . . . it just keeps out cold and rain."

LLOYD KAHN IN DOME HOME



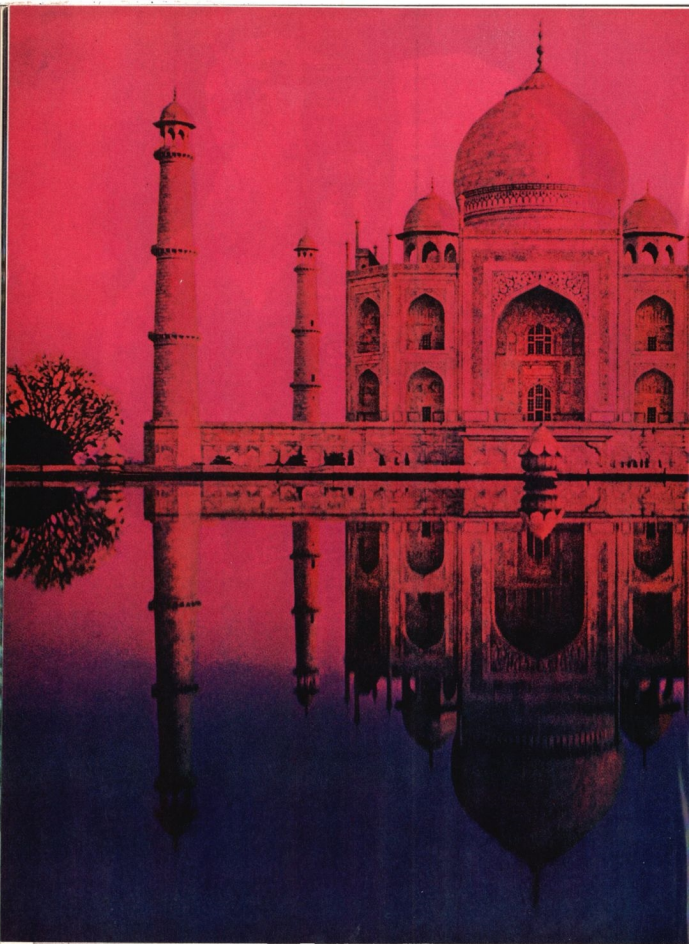
DOMES IN HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.





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TWA



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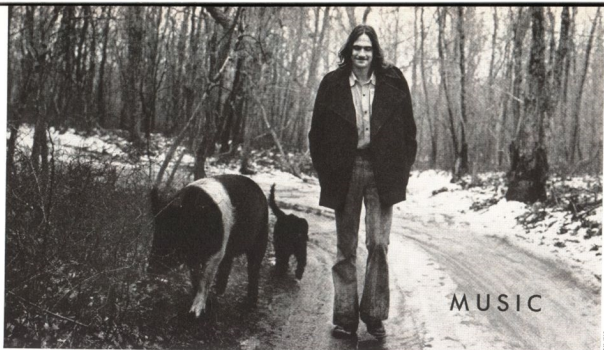
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JAMES TAYLOR WALKING DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD WITH HIS PIG, MONNA, & HIS SISTER KATE'S DOG, RODEO

James Taylor: One Man's Family of Rock

THE 1960s reverberated to rock. The walloping folk rock of Bob Dylan sang a striking counterpoint to the sweet-sour, sometimes thunderous eloquence of the Beatles at their best; the psychedelic star shells launched by the Jefferson Airplane soared over the Beelzebub beat and leer of the Rolling Stones. And now, suddenly, the '70s have brought a startling change. Over the last year a far gentler variety of rock sound has begun to soothe the land.

Why? Theories abound, few of them satisfactory. The fading out of ear-numbing, mind-blowing acid rock, some say, is related to the softening of the youth revolution. Its decline is variously viewed as a symptom of either progress toward harmony and thoughtfulness or a tragic slide from activist rage into a mood of "enlightened apathy." There is also the desire for individual expression on the part of talented rock musicians too long cooped up in their communal palaces of sound. Many of them came to realize that the higher the decibel rate, the less creative subtlety possible for composers and performers alike. In any case, rock could hardly have gotten more frenzied. "After you set your guitar on fire," says Rock Musician Danny Kootch, "what do you have left? Set fire to yourself? It had to go the other way."

Whatever the cause, the result is clear. The old groups are fast fragmenting. In their place, a diverse, wonderfully evocative collection of individual balladeers and rock composer-performers

is quickly moving in as the major pop innovators of 1971. Many of them have dropped such devices as the electrified guitar and wall-to-wall loudspeaker banks; they are returning instead to the piano, or to the more intimate acoustic guitar. Offering a kind of Americana rock, they are likely to celebrate such things as country comfort, Carolina sunshine, morning frost in the Berkshires. What all of them seem to want most is an intimate mixture of lyricism and personal expression—the often exquisitely melodic reflections of a private "I."

A Peculiar Hold on American Youth

As TIME's informal family tree of rock shows, many of the new troubadours are not new at all. The decomposition of rock can be traced back to 1968 and Bob Dylan's search for a simple way of saying simple things in *John Wesley Harding*. Among the groups, the gentling process was carried to mellow new highs and lows by The Band. The rise of rock's new solo poets is a natural extension. Often they are talented offshoots from famous groups, the most notable examples being all four Beatles. Characteristically, they make the new sound but leave explanations to musicologists and sociologists. Occasionally, however, one will fall prey to the seductions of historic hindsight. "The dream is over," John Lennon has lately observed. "I'm not just talking about the Beatles, I'm talking about the generation thing. It's over, and we gotta—I have personally gotta—get down to so-called reality."

Whether or not the dream is over for good, the man who best sums up the new sound of rock—as well as being its most radiantly successful practitioner—is a brooding, sensitive 22-year-old rich man's son who sings, he says, "because I don't know how to talk." James Taylor's first album came out only two years ago on the prestigious Apple label. It sold only 30,000 copies its first year. Today Taylor is one of the best and steadiest national record sellers since the loudest days of Beatlemania. *Sweet Baby James*, his second album, has already sold 1,600,000 copies and, along with his hit single *Fire and Rain*, has been nominated for five Grammy Awards. A third album, *Mud Slide Slim*, will be released next month. Last month, Taylor was included in the predominantly classical Great Performers series at New York City's Lincoln Center. He has just finished a movie, *Two-Lane Blacktop*, for late spring release, and last week he began a sell-out national concert tour of 27 cities.

These and other abundant signs of commercial achievement measure, but do not begin to explain, James Taylor's peculiar hold on the ear and imagination of youthful Americans. A good deal of his success is based on the kind of personal magnetism that has been making baritones and matinee idols rich and famous for generations, a particular masculine presence. Lean and hard (6 ft. 3 in., 155 lbs.), often mustachioed, always with hair breaking at his shoulders, Taylor physically projects a blend

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of Heathcliffian inner fire with a melancholy strokes-of-young-Werther look that can strike to the female heart—at any age. Half explaining, half apologizing for her delight in *Fire and Rain*, a University of Michigan coed who is also a trained musician admits: "I don't know why I love it. I know I shouldn't, because he doesn't really sing. He just sort of intones."

What Taylor intones is far more artful than it seems at first. For if his

"turn an arena into a living room."

Listeners do not need to know anything about him to enjoy his music. Taylor is a master of many styles and subjects. The song *Sweet Baby James* is simply one of the best lullabies ever composed. In *Suite for 20 G*, he can ease into a cool, rock-'n'-roll-flavored parody of the 1950s, or do wailing variations on old-fashioned blues (*Oh Baby Don't You Loose Your Lip on Me*).

Yet much of the time Taylor sings about himself, and most of his fans feel instinctively that the anguished outlines of his private life—as well as those of his two brothers, Livingston, 20, and Alex, 23, and his sister Kate, 21, all now launched on singing careers—could be their own. The four singing Taylors, in fact, run some risk of be-

*I've seen lonely times when
I could not find a friend,
But I always thought I'd
see you again.*

Part II finds Taylor bottoming out in the New York drug-scene abyss:

*Won't you look down upon
me Jesus?
You've got to help me make a stand,
You've just got to see me
through another day.*

The song's final stanza is a footnote to 1968, when James left New York trying to escape heroin and personal squall, and thus brought to an end The Flying Machine, a struggling group started by his friend Danny Kootch:

*There's hours of time on the
telephone line
To talk about things to come,
Sweet dreams and flying machines
in pieces on the ground.*

Taylor's voice is mercifully free of the whiny self-pity that haunts most singers of lovelorn pop lyrics. Even his most self-revealing effort, *Knocking 'Round the Zoo*, which tells what it was like in a mental hospital, where James spent nine months, comes out heavily armed with witty, riffy musical irony—at least until the end, when Taylor tacks a chilling descant of bedlamite sounds onto the following stanza:

*Now my friends all come to see me,
they point at me and stare,
Said he's just like the rest of us
so what's he doing in there?
They hide in their movie theaters
drinking juice—keeping tight
'Cause they're certain about one
thing, that zoo's no place to
spend the night.*

Today Taylor's experiences seem frighteningly in tune with the troubles of his age. "Right now," remarks Danny Kootch, who first met James in the late 1950s and now not only plays guitar with Taylor but leads his own group Jo Mama, "if you're not alienated, you're weird. All you have to do is grow your hair long and everybody talks to you. But in those days you felt, 'What's the matter with me that I can't exist in this world?' Either you ended up very neurotic and screwed up, or you got strength from it." James eventually ended up doing a little of both.

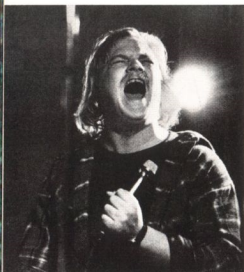
James Taylor managed to grow up in two of the most beautiful places in America. Boyhood winters were spent in a specially designed eleven-room house on 28 acres of North Carolina woodland and pasture near Chapel Hill. His hard-working doctor father, Isaac ("Ike") Taylor, independently wealthy and from an old Scottish-Southern family, was busily working his way up to the deanship of the University of North Carolina Medical School. "We quite consciously set out to raise our children free of the hang-ups we see in ourselves and our generation," Dr. Taylor



KATE TAYLOR



LIVINGSTON TAYLOR



ALEX TAYLOR

Something of a family tradition.

voice is spare and strangely uninflected, his guitar fingering lends sudden lights and shadows to the barest melody. Musically, Taylor is a fusion of the three black and white mainstays of pop: the lonely twang of country, the pithy narrative of folk and the rhythmic melancholy of blues. Beyond that, Taylor's use of elemental imagery—darkness and sunlight, references to roads traveled and untraveled, to fears spoken and left unsaid—reaches a level both of intimacy and controlled emotion rarely achieved in purely pop music. He can, says one of his campus admirers,

coming a sort of *One Man's Family* of rock.

Like so many other troubled, dislocated young Americans, Taylor may at first seem self-indulgent in his woe. What he has endured and sings about, with much restraint and dignity, are mainly "head" problems, those pains that a lavish quota of middle-class advantages—plenty of money, a loving family, good schools, health, charm and talent—do not seem to prevent, and may in fact exacerbate. Drugs, underachievement, the failure of will, alienation, the doorway to suicide, the struggle back to life—James Taylor has been there himself.

It seems to add something to the impact of a song like *Fire and Rain* to know that the lyric is really a mini-trilogy dealing with three bad times in the singer's life. Part I goes back to a moment of sadness—and a sense of failure—when he was making his first record in London in 1968. A girl he knew died at the time, but his friends did not tell him until the record was finished because they thought he was "too strung out" to handle the news:

explained recently, "We weren't going to use that cop-out of 'because the Bible tells you so.'" James' mother, Trudy Taylor, is the daughter of a Massachusetts fisherman and boat builder who before her marriage trained seriously as a lyric soprano. She had seen fondness for music so tormented by formal training that, though James, Livingston, Alex and Kate all took up various instruments (violin, cello, piano), they seldom took lessons for long. Mrs. Taylor did not go to church. Instead, she taught her children "to believe in people," and long before ecology became a household word, she encouraged them to nourish a pantheistic sense that the earth is a "beautiful, fragile place." As a very little boy James was greatly affected by the Bible Belt religion he heard at school. Mrs. Taylor remembers how he needed reassurance that he would not burn in hell for his sins.

Faith in Day-to-Day Goodness

Any wintry doubts the young Taylors might have entertained on the subject of natural beauty were dispelled during summers on Martha's Vineyard at the family's big house in Chilmark, hard by the long breakers and sandy wastes of South Beach. In those days there was plenty of everything, including time and money. John Sheldon, a friend of Livingston Taylor, remembers that many days were passed taking apart motorboat engines and trying to soup them up. "We dropped a few overboard," he says, "but ruining expensive stuff was the usual. Ike always provided replacements." In those days, too, Dr. Taylor led in singing sea chanteys and folk songs at cookouts on the beach. At 15, James, along with Danny Kootch, won a hootenanny contest, singing and accompanying themselves with harmonica and guitar. In their early teens, Livingston and James used to turn up at the Chilmark Community Center square dances. Friends recall that the Taylors as a family seemed touched by a special energy and grace—particularly the boys.

Last week in Chapel Hill, Isaac and Trudy Taylor, who were recently separated, reminisced about the children and their musical success. "I always had paternal fantasies about my children doing something collectively for society," Dr. Taylor admitted, "though I guess I had something like the Mayo brothers in mind." Their musical mother is also proud. But she, too, recalls that in those days "I always assumed they'd be doctors." Like so many parents in an age of affluence, the elder Taylors provided their family with a free and loving childhood, apparently dedicated to scrupulousness in behavior, delight in the natural world, self-expression and faith in the day-to-day goodness of human nature. At the same time, they assumed that their children would automatically develop the driving will to endure the tough, pragmatic grind usually required for worldly success. The contradiction, as a great many par-

ents and children learn, can cause great strain. "The basic orientation in my family," Livingston Taylor remembers, "was that simply because you were a Taylor, you could and should be able to accomplish anything."

For James, trouble began after he was sent off to strait-laced and demanding Milton Academy, outside Boston. Says he: "There were things going on in my head other than what the Milton people thought was right and proper." Milton's dean, John Torney, recalls James with a sigh. "We just weren't ready for him," Torney explains. "James



DR. ISAAC TAYLOR & FAMILY PINUPS



MRS. TAYLOR FEEDING SHEEP IN CHAPEL HILL, N.C.
Not just because the Bible tells you so.

was more sensitive and less goal oriented than most students of his day. I'm sure James knew about drugs long before anyone else here."

Soon thoroughly miserable, James nevertheless struggled on for the better part of 3½ years, well liked but withdrawn, notable mainly for his height (he was known as "Moose") and for a certain mastery of poetic metaphors in English class. He dropped out for part of a term, and with Alex, he joined a North Carolina band called the Fabulous Corsayers that played straight rock 'n' roll. Back at Milton, he grew suicidal, and at 17, he signed himself into the McLean Hospital, a mental home in Belmont, Mass.

There were screens on the windows. Hospital personnel counted up the silverware after meals to be sure no patient had concealed a potential weapon. But to James, compared to Milton it seemed paradise regained. Besides doctors and nurses, there were plenty of hippies. "Above all," James says, "the day was planned for me there, and I began to have a sense of line and structure, like canals and railroad tracks." The hospital even had a high school, from which James duly graduated. He still has high praise for it because it genuinely interested students in learning. "We didn't have that jive nothingness that pushes most kids through high school," he says. "You can't tell a whole bunch of potential suicides that they must have a high school diploma." In-

stead, for the Taylors, the McLean experience would soon become what Harvard is for the Saltonstalls—something of a family tradition. Hardly had James graduated when Brother Livingston turned up after withdrawing from a Quaker school in Westtown, Pa. By the time Kate arrived in 1967—on a transfer from the Cambridge School of Weston, Mass.—McLean had even instituted musical therapy. Kate played and sang with an inmate group called Sister Kate's Soul Stew Kitchen, gaining psychological confidence and laying the groundwork for a pop-music career at the same time.

Christianity as a Buffer

Milton cost \$2,700 a year. McLean customarily runs around \$36,000. But besides structure and schooling, it provided James with an opportunity to think. He began to reflect upon what it takes to survive—beyond sensitivity and naked faith in human nature. Says he: "In a euphoric society existentialism would be fine. The way things are now, though, it certainly is necessary to have buffers like Christianity. To me Jesus is a metaphor, but also a manifestation of needs and feelings people have deep within themselves." After nine months of thinking things out at McLean, James also came to realize that the only other buffer he had against the world was music. Without waiting the three days normally required for discharge, he piled his stuff into a friend's station

wagon and escaped to New York.

Kootch had been playing in a rock band called the King Bees. Now he was forming a new band, the Flying Machine. With James on guitar and doubling as composer-vocalist, Kootch also on guitar and Zachary Wiesner, son of M.I.T. Provost Jerome Wiesner, on bass, the group was soon able to earn something like \$12 a night. Despite its low income, it was quite a good hand. What it proved while it lasted was that Taylor had somehow evolved into an accomplished musician. Most of his songs—including *Knocking 'Round the Zoo*, *Night Owl* and *Rainy Day Man*, which were later recorded for Apple in the *James Taylor* album—were first written for the Flying Machine.

However promising professionally, the ragged edge of the New York rock scene was a personal disaster for James. He was 18, but as Kootch points out, he had never had any exposure to real life. "New York isn't like Martha's Vineyard." James had a little money from his parents, and he lived all alone in an uptown pad furnished with a mattress and a radio. "He got hung up on taking in weird people—runaway teen-agers and people like that." Taylor was also getting heavily into drugs, especially heroin. Zach Wiesner had quit the Flying Machine after three months. Partly from inertia and partly out of loyalty to Kootch, James hung on for a year and a half. Then he escaped—not to the structure of McLean or the tranquility of Martha's Vineyard but to swinging London.

Living With Success

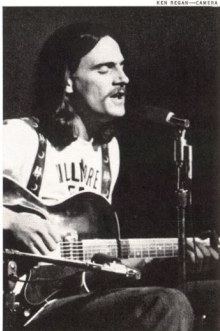
James Taylor likes to say: "I find comfort in things like earthquakes and eclipses of the moon because I have no hand in them. They relieve me of responsibility. I find comfort in writing about and projecting and thinking about the seasons and the sea, things like that, because I have no control. I find comfort in fatalism and inevitability." Well he might. For if some kind fate is guiding Taylor's professional destiny, it was at work when it sent him to London.

It was not merely that in London, as a nearly unknown singer-composer of uncertain stability, he miraculously won a record contract with Apple. What really mattered was that there he met 24-year-old Peter Asher. At the time, Asher, an Englishman and a former rock performer (Peter and Gordon), had just been installed as Apple's chief talent director. He recognized Taylor's talent, signed him, then helped push the first Taylor album to completion despite the fact that Apple was beginning to come apart at the core. Asher was responsible for the fact that a year later Taylor was able to sign up with Warner Bros. and launch *Sweet Baby James*. Since James' return to the U.S. in December 1968, for another sojourn in a mental hospital (this time Austen Riggs in Stockbridge, Mass.), Asher,

as friend and manager, has proved himself to be a sound guide, with shrewd bargaining abilities and an instinctive feel for the fast-shifting tastes of the pop-music world.

Thanks largely to Asher, Taylor's problem from now on will not be how to secure the success he has lately won but how to live with it personally. The concept of a shy artist suddenly overwhelmed by commerce is one of the phoniest wheezes in show business. Yet given James' predilection for privacy and peace, as well as his slender hold on personal stability, it may prove genuine enough in his case.

Offstage, James seems in many ways to be the average rock-'n'-roll musician. He wears regulation T shirts, regulation Levi's, regulation cowboy boots. He



JAMES AT FILLMORE EAST
A Heathcliffian inner fire.

crosses living rooms or recording studios with the same ten-league strides he would use heading up a country road. He eats—and drinks—anything and everything that is put before him. Like his songs, he can easily be witty. But like his songs, he is also much turned in upon himself, rarely talkative, sometimes edgy, always haunted by the precariousness of human joy.

Easing the Guilt

He is fully aware that a pop star can be destroyed by his fond public. Interviews seem to threaten him tremendously. "With all that feedback of ideas and memories and resonances from the past," he says, "an interview can be like an epileptic fit. People come at me as though they had a coloring book and ask me to fill in the colors." The false rumors that accrue to fame are ex-

asperating. "One day," he told a reporter, "my brother Alex got ten calls consoling him about my suicide, my reinstitutionalization, and my split with Joni Mitchell." Chatter about Taylor's very real romance with Joni is currently the gossip rage of the teeny-bopper set. Now that his face and name are nationally known, Taylor ponders the effects of his record as a junkie. "I don't want some kid out in Nebraska to read about me and say, 'Well, I'm gonna pick up some smack just like James did.'"

Though he arrived at his present feelings and scruples before they became fashionable, he is driven by many contemporary idealistic concerns—about nature and its misuse, about wealth, about manipulation of people. "Nothing

is wrong in making as much bread as you need," he says, "but there are things wrong in making more bread than you need." To help ease that guilt, he has lately taken to giving away some of the proceeds from his public concerts—to, among others, the Hopi Indians. "I wish I were really part of the environment, part of the land," he says, "instead of a successful Caucasian." He is proud of his accomplishments, though, and will admit that "I like success almost as much as I dislike it." Aware of these mixed feelings, he is concerned about the very real problem of maintaining a proper perspective between the private James Taylor he and his friends know and the public James Taylor who sometimes seems to be coming in the windows. One of the newest songs on his forthcoming album—in the same vein as *Sweet Baby James*, but looser, more free and easy—describes the odd schizoid feeling of hearing his own voice on the jukebox:

*Hey Mister, that's me up on the jukebox,
I'm the one that's singing this sad song,
And I cry every time you slip in one more dime.*

Taylor may perhaps derive some comfort from the division of public attention, which is certain to grow more pronounced as the individual reputations of his fellow rock troubadours grow. There are, for example, such famous ex-group soloists as the individual Beatles, Neil Young and Stephen Stills (of Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young), Elton John is an English one-man music industry whose songs range panoramically from country rock to blues. Leon Russell, the presiding master of gospel rock, invokes the Lord Jesus with piano playing that has a touch of Fatha Hines and a voice that has a touch of bayou frog. Nashville's Kris Kristofferson, an ex-Rhodes scholar, sings bluntly sensual protest songs that have made him the most controversial country songwriter-singer of the day. Van Morrison, an Irishman late of Them, flavors his blues-

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gospel-folk broth with a salty pinch of jazz. In the wings are two virent new-comers. One is Carole King, a soul blues singer who plays piano on James' records and has written a song for his new album. The other is English Folk Minstrel Cat Stevens, who sounds like an off-the-moors Harry Belafonte.

James' rivals may also soon include a few more individual Taylors. Thus far Livingston, Alex and Kate have openly—though in Livingston's case not always willingly—ridden on James' coattails. Yet the tendency to see Livingston merely as an "up" imitation of James' "down" is unfair and misleading, as anyone will know who listens to the deft melodic twists and musical good humor of Livingston's first LP, especially the songs *Carolina Day* and *Sit on Back*. Alex's LP, released last week, divulges a free-wheeling, lowdown style of music that lies somewhere between *Hee Haw* and New Orleans' Jazz Preservation Hall. Kate's album debut, *Sister Kate*, produced by Peter Asher and due for release next month, would be an accomplishment for a blues singer with years of experience. As it is, her weary lag and sag in *Sweet Honesty* and her joyful hymning of *Home Again* (by Carole King) are nothing short of astonishing in a singer just setting out on a career.

A Special Kind of Salvation

In pop music no fashion lasts for long. Though now is predominantly the moment of the solo trip and the modulated musical message, group think could easily come back strong. For that matter, it is still around with varying degrees of excellence in the work of Chicago and Led Zeppelin. Yet just as individuals like Ray Charles and Chuck Berry influenced the major groups of the 1960s, so today's soloists are bound to affect the future. If so, tomorrow's rock could well be more religious and pastoral in tone, more intricate and ambitious in style. Because of the increasing influence of Miles Davis, jazz is bound to be an added ingredient. Intriguingly complex forms, exemplified by the rock passion *Jesus Christ, Superstar*, have yet to be explored adequately and may one day engage collective talent, perhaps even the Taylors.

Whatever the other Taylors do, James, at least, has made his own special music—which is also his own special kind of salvation. He probably always will, if only to throw a sound back to the sea at Martha's Vineyard, where he has just built a house. Between road trips and recording sessions, Alex lives on the island too. So does Kate. So does the youngest Taylor, Hugh, 18, who reportedly has the best male voice in the family but so far prefers to work as a carpenter. "It just may be," says James, pondering the enduring pull of the Vineyard upon them all, "that we can't find anything more comfortable than the time we had as a family." And he adds: "Or maybe it's something that was never there that we miss and are still trying to put together."

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The Hazards of Change

Any great change—even a pleasant change—produces stress in man. That is the implication, at least, of a study recently reported to the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Dr. Thomas Holmes, professor of psychiatry at the University of Washington in Seattle. Furthermore, Holmes found that too many changes, coming too close together, often produce grave illness or abysmal depression.

In the course of his investigation, Holmes devised a scale assigning point values to changes that often affect hu-

man beings (see box). When enough of these occur within one year and add up to more than 300, trouble may lie ahead. In Holmes' survey, 80% of people who exceeded 300 became pathologically depressed, had heart attacks, or developed other serious ailments. Of scorers in the 150-300 range, 53% were similarly affected, as were 33% of those scoring up to 150.

A hypothetical example: John was married (50); as he had hoped, his wife became pregnant (40), stopped working (26), and bore a son (39). John, who hated his work as a soap-company chemist, found a better-paying job (38) as a teacher (36) in a college outside the city. After a vacation (13) to celebrate, he moved his family to the country (20), returned to the hunting and fishing (19) he had loved as a child, and began seeing a lot of his congenial new colleagues (18). Everything was so much better that he was even able to give up smoking (24). On the Holmes scale, these events total an ominous 323.

To arrive at his scoring system, Dr. Holmes assigned an arbitrary value of 50 to the act of getting married and then asked people in several countries to rank other changes in relation to marriage. For example, a person who thought that pregnancy represented a greater change than marriage was to assign to pregnancy a number higher than 50. To correlate change and health, Holmes kept a watch on 80 Seattle residents for two years and then compared their personal-change histories with their physical and mental ailments.

Built-In Danger. To be sure, a method of predicting such ailments may well have a built-in danger: a self-rater using the scale could become depressed at the very prospect of depression. But Holmes is confident. Physical and emotional illness can be prevented, he says, by counseling susceptible people not to make too many life changes in too short a time.

A Model-T Neurosis

"He had his hands in his pockets, and he walked around that car three or four times, looking at it very closely. Finally he gets hold of the door, and bang! He ripped the door right off! God! How the man done it, I don't know! He jumped in there, and bang goes the other door. Bang goes the windshield. He rips the top with the heel of his shoe. He wrecked the car as much as he could."

—A Ford Motor Co. worker, 1912

Henry Ford was angry: his engineers had presumed to design a replacement for the already obsolescent Model T. They could not comprehend that the Model T was sacrosanct. Neither could they understand why Ford had pursued the idea of a car for the masses so single-mindedly, nor why it meant so much

to him that he allowed no important change in it until 1927, after it had been overtaken by competitors. They never knew, either, why success turned him mean and vindictive. Now Anne Jardim, a social psychologist, has attributed this strange behavior to Ford's unwarranted conviction that his father did not love him enough. Indulging in the popular intellectual pastime of retrospective psychoanalysis, she explains that the Model T was Ford's symbolic device for expiating the fantasied wrongs he had done his father; his own hatefulness was retaliation for the imagined wrongs his father had done him.

Dr. Jardim's conclusions, reached after long study under the auspices of Harvard's Research Program in Applied

Rating Life Changes

LIFE EVENT	VALUE
Death of spouse	100
Divorce	73
Marital separation	65
Jail term	63
Death of close family member	63
Personal injury or illness	53
Marriage	50
Fired at work	47
Marital reconciliation	45
Retirement	45
Change in health of family member	44
Pregnancy	40
Sex difficulties	39
Gain of new family member	39
Change in financial state	38
Death of close friend	37
Change to different line of work	36
Change in number of arguments with spouse	35
Mortgage over \$10,000	31
Foreclosure of mortgage or loan	30
Change in responsibilities at work	29
Son or daughter leaving home	29
Trouble with in-laws	29
Outstanding personal achievement	28
Wife beginning or stopping work	26
Beginning or ending school	26
Revision of personal habits	24
Trouble with boss	23
Change in work hours or conditions	20
Change in residence	20
Change in schools	20
Change in recreation	19
Change in social activities	18
Mortgage or loan less than \$10,000	17
Change in sleeping habits	16
Change in number of family get-togethers	15
Change in eating habits	15
Vacation	13
Minor violations of the law	11



HENRY FORD & HIS MODEL T (ca. 1920)

A little fordship went to sea.

Psychoanalysis, have just been published in *The First Henry Ford: A Study in Personality and Business Leadership* (MIT Press; \$6.95). For starters, she demolishes "a dominant myth in Ford's life"—that his father was angry at him for giving up farm life. On the contrary, the older Ford found Henry his first off-farm job and offered him money to develop his first car. Writes Dr. Jardim: "The ill feeling between father and son was of the son's own making; he needed to create a harsh, punitive father where none existed."

The need originated in Ford's excessive longing for his father's love. When the love he got did not match his impossible fantasies, he was disappointed and eventually began to feel that his father had abandoned him. That feeling stirred up anger, and the unjustified anger opened the door to guilt. Hence the need for restitution. "Ford's fixation on the car," says Author Jardim, "can mean only that it had come to symbolize for him a means of expiation. The Model

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May 1911, Pat. 928
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T was the farmer's car, durable, bereft of frills, and cheap." And the farmer for whom it was built was in reality the elder Ford, whose heavy labors his son had observed from childhood. "To lift farm drudgery off flesh and blood and lay it on steel and motors has been my most constant ambition," Henry once said.

That ambition achieved, Ford could not bear to change his car because it represented more than a car. Yet, "it had not achieved the objective he had unconsciously set for it"; it had not relieved his guilt. So Ford shifted from restitution, the first of the twin themes in his life, to retaliation. The rage toward his father that had been sublimated in creativity was turned on people who, in fantasy, stood for his father.

The first of these substitutes were the war makers. In 1915, Ford chartered a "peace ship" to take pacifists to some unspecified neutral country for a conference that would end the war. His well-meaning, but wildly impractical effort brought Ford nothing but ridicule. The *New York World*, for example, taunted him in verse:

*I saw a little fordship
Go chugging out to sea . . .
And all the folk aboardship
Cried, "Hail to Henney!"*

Then, almost overnight, Ford plants began making munitions as vigorously as they had ever produced Model Ts. "The belligerent earlier turned against war," says Author Jardim, "and the makers of war was now expressed in waging it."

The end of the war brought a need for new targets. Ford bought a newspaper, the *Dearborn Independent*, and began assailing Jews as purveyors of munitions, alcohol, cigarettes, depraved movies and jazz. But like his militant pacifism, Ford's anti-Semitism was soon abandoned because it gave him no lasting relief from his unconscious conflicts.

Purged Executives. In a new search for relief, he turned on his employees. He became "the tyrant of the Rouge," his huge plant in Dearborn, Mich. He purged executives who disagreed with him, used snotters to weed out workers who dared take an unauthorized rest, permitted violence against the unions, "set the company against itself," and, as a Ford executive charged, worked on the principle of "Let's you and him have a fight and see how we come out."

With such tactics, Henry Ford nearly destroyed his own company; it survived only because of the new policies instituted by his grandson, Henry Ford II, when he became president in 1945. Whatever the real source of the elder Ford's obsession, Author Jardim concludes, he succeeded as long as he did because his fixation coincided with "the ordinary needs of ordinary men." When he began to fail, it was because the fixation had made him too rigid to change along with the times and men's needs.

Separate But Better

The ignored stepchildren of American higher education are the nation's 105 black colleges. Long isolated by segregation, they have been almost as poorly served by integration. As predominantly white institutions have opened their doors to Negroes, many of the black schools' most promising applicants have been lured away. Major institutions have also undercut those schools by snapping up top black teachers and administrators. As first steps toward reversing this downward trend, the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education last week recommended that black colleges should remain black, upgrade their courses, and double their enrollment, perhaps as soon as 1980.

The reason is the pragmatic need to find more school space for Negro stu-

dents. Ph.D. programs (Atlanta and Howard universities) and many are little more than teachers' colleges. The commission urged the black colleges to approach both the competition and the standards of "mainstream" schools by expanding the best of their black studies programs and adding courses leading to careers in business, accounting, computers and engineering. "Perhaps ten or twelve" of the smaller colleges, the commission said, should consider relocating or merging with larger institutions. To ease the shortage of black scholars, the Carnegie panel proposed that white colleges should loan faculty members on a part-time basis.

The basic need of the black colleges—as, indeed, of all schools—is more money. The commission recommended a tripling of federal aid, to \$360 million per year. But the schools also re-

CHARLES PHILLIPS—LIFE



HOWARD UNIVERSITY GRADUATION (1970)
Resource for a pent-up demand.

dents. Despite the intensive efforts of white colleges and universities to increase their registration of blacks, less than one-fourth of 1970's qualified Negro high school graduates are attending college. By 1980, the commission believes, the number of blacks enrolled in college will rise from 492,000 to 1,100,000—and major integrated institutions will obviously not be able to take all of them. Although the Negro schools should not exclude whites—most of them, in fact, do have at least a few enrolled now—they will remain, in the commission's view, an "invaluable resource" for accommodating the pent-up black demand for higher education.

The commission also pointed out that the black colleges will have to improve notably in quality. Most of them are separate but unequal: only two schools

require a lot more help from the private sector. Last year the Nixon Administration responded to the pleas of black-college presidents by increasing federal aid to Negro schools by \$30 million, much of it on a matching-grant basis. So far, most of the colleges have been unable to raise the additional capital from private donations, and thus have had to let their federal funds go by the board.

College Without a Campus

The pitch sounds like something from a matchbook cover: "Earn a degree at home in your spare time." The degree, however, is perfectly valid. The institution making the offer, which will take effect next winter, is no instant-diploma mill but the prestigious State University of New York.

Two new programs, announced last

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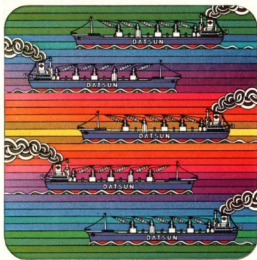
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DATSUN
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week by the university and the New York State Board of Regents, are designed to allow students with high school diplomas to get a college degree without ever going to a campus for more than placement or counseling. Initially, at least 500 students will be enrolled in a new S.U.N.Y. "nonresidential college" with administrative headquarters in the Albany area. Paying fees of slightly less than \$20 per credit hour, they will be allowed to take courses at any of the university's 70 campuses across the state. If they prefer, they will do some or all of their work independently at home with mail correspondence courses, TV lectures and cassettes. To keep the program from turning into what one educator calls a way "to beat the draft by watching TV," students will have to appear at designated "learning centers" for tutoring sessions with faculty mentors—as often as once a month for beginners, perhaps no more than once a year for advanced scholars. Another program will grant degrees to students who learn completely on their own through reading, practical experience or company training. By passing a new set of college equivalency exams at a time of their own choosing, they will be able to qualify for either a two-year A.A. (Associate in Arts) degree or a four-year B.A., in theory without once seeing a teacher.

Successful Experience. Although a departure from the traditional notion that students need affiliation with a specific campus, S.U.N.Y.'s program is a logical extension of the various independent study programs that have been set up recently at many American colleges (TIME, Jan. 18). The planners were encouraged by the success of the armed forces correspondence courses, which are run in cooperation with scores of U.S. universities. Specifically, S.U.N.Y. and officials of the Ford Foundation and Carnegie Corporation, which are financing the projects' first years with \$1,800,000 of planning money, point to the successful experience of the University of London. Since 1858, it has given a degree to anyone who can pass its stiff exams, whether or not the student has been in residency or attended classes.

Off-campus study, S.U.N.Y. believes, should provide the advantages of higher learning to countless adults who might otherwise have no chance for a degree. These might include, for example, homebound housewives, deskbound businessmen and thousands of students too poor to afford living on campus. More important, perhaps, the newest "university without walls" will allow S.U.N.Y. to absorb many more students without erecting and maintaining expensive physical facilities. By 1974, the university expects 10,000 students in its un-camped college. By then, planners estimate that economies made possible by the new program should reduce the total yearly cost of educating an off-campus student by half, from \$2,300 to \$1,150.

Commune for Conservatives

Remember the well-ordered college dorms of yesterday? No coed living, no pot parties, gentlemanly students who wore coats and ties to dinner? Square as the idea may sound in these permissive times, such a haven of parietal virtues is thriving today just half a block away from the hip urban campus of Columbia University. Opened in 1967, for the past two years the dorm has had two applicants for every available room.

Known as Schuyler Hall, this singular bastion of domestic tranquility for males is operated by Opus Dei (the Work of God), an international organization of zealous Roman Catholic laymen and

Vincit (Labor Conquers All). The messages accurately reflect Schuyler's atmosphere, which is rather like a tasteful commune for conservatives. Ornate paintings and antique furniture decorate the common rooms; cocktails are served in front of a roaring fireplace before Sunday dinner. The residents periodically hold sedate musicales (no rock or four-letter words), and many of the students belong to Schuyler's wine-tasting society. Everyone is assigned a job, from sorting the mail to fixing broken furniture. Grace is said before meals, and to encourage study, all the rooms, which have no locks, are singles.

Schuyler's goal is "spiritual formation," explains Director John Solarski, 34, a former physicist. "We put an emphasis on good study, developing a real practical spirit of service, and preparing the boys to be fathers of families." Most of the residents participate in weekly seminars led by Catholic laymen. "We discuss religion and what really matters," says Freshman Jerry Addonizio. "Before Thanksgiving vacation, we talked about how to make your parents happy—when you come in, maybe pick your mother up and swing her around a little."

Good Send-Offs. Schuyler denizens are regarded with bemused contempt by more swinging Columbia students. "It's a place for anal Catholics. They want to preserve you from sin," scoffs one junior, a Catholic himself. As a group, the students are well above average in ability and politically quite conservative; they tend to shun radical activism. But each weekend some 20 residents take turns doing volunteer tutoring at an Opus Dei study center for younger students. Mostly, the residents' zest for service is inner-directed, toward caring for sick Schuylerites or helping dorm mates who have dropped behind in class.

The homey atmosphere of the hall is what appeals most to residents. "People here care about you," says Frank Torrisi, a third-year medical student. "They do nice things like giving you a good send-off in the morning." To a man, the residents feel Schuyler's benefits outweigh any drawbacks of its chaste and cloistered regulations—women are allowed only in the first-floor common rooms—which are set automatically by Director Solarski and a three-man council. "If you choose to embrace this way of life," Torrisi says, "the small suffering is not that cumbersome." Anyway, points out Freshman Fred Dolan, "if you're that desperate to be with a girl in a room, you can always go to her dorm."



COAT-&TIE DINNER AT SCHUYLER HALL
The goal is spiritual formation.

priests. Best known for its influence in modernizing the economy of Franco Spain, Opus Dei has about 2,000 members in the U.S. Schuyler Hall is the largest of five student residences operated by the organization near American colleges. Although two resident priests celebrate Mass every day, only 60% of Schuyler's 75 residents are Catholic; three are Jewish, and there is one black. More than half the students attend Columbia, but the group is leavened by students from other New York campuses. They pay \$155 to \$190 a month—some what more than the \$145 average for room and board in one of Columbia's own dorms—and agree to abide by Schuyler's strict, old-fashioned rules.

The entrance to the hall, which was built in 1914 by an order of nuns as a residence for working girls, is surmounted by two earnest Latin mottoes: *Dulce Domum* (Sweet Home) and *Labor Omnia*

SHOW BUSINESS

Saving the Evening

There is not a single reference to militants or marijuana, the Indians, inner cities, the pill or the generation gap. The cast of characters (Goosey Poosey, Turkey Lurkey) reads like a Howard Johnson's children's menu, and one of the show's most dramatic confrontations occurs between a fisherman and a flounder. Still, the *Story Theater* (TIME, Nov. 9) playing at Broadway's Ambassador Theater, is more than mere children's fare. The program of fairy tales, cleverly told, demonstrates again that popular theater can be something more out of the ordinary than *Hello, Dolly!* Which is precisely what Director Paul Sills set out to do.

Sills has invested over half of his 43 years, and all of his considerable intellectual stock, in the basic belief that it is ideas and the spoken word that keep the theater from declining into a minor art form. His mother, Viola Spolin, was an early pioneer in children's im-

provisational theater in Chicago; Paul hung around backstage as a five-year-old curtain puller. At the University of Chicago in the 1950s, he founded his own experimental theater, "Tonight at 8:30," and followed it off-campus with the Playwrights Theater Club. "We weren't one of those arty little groups," Sills remembers. "The plays we did—*The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, for example—scored on their own dramatic merits, not on intellectual pretense."

Dramatic merit, however, does not a legal theater make—at least not in Chicago, where a court order closed the Playwrights Club for not having a proscenium arch. After that, Sills took off with a Fulbright scholarship to study at the University of Bristol in England and to teach improvisational theater at the Bristol Old Vic School. Back home again, he founded the Compass Players, from which the celebrated Second City troupe evolved. The performers were not so celebrated then; mostly they were Chicago undergraduates, Mike Nichols, Elaine May, Alan Arkin, Zohra Lampert, Fritz Weaver and Shelley Berman—all took direction from Sills. One, Barbara Harris, took up marriage with him; it ran for three years.

Not Strasberg. "I would not be in the theater today," says Mike Nichols, "if it were not for Paul. Nor, I think, would any of us." Sills sometimes used his actors mercilessly, prodding them through scenes again and again, zeroing in on gestures, inflections, and always on the words themselves. Stanislavsky, not Strasberg, is his hero. "American method schools," he says, "require a reliance on inner actions—what they call 'private moments.' Our improvisations are 'public moments.' The spoken word is the source, not just the psychological meaning behind it."

With his current wife Carol and three daughters, Sills moved from Chicago to the Yale Repertory Theater in 1969.

... SCENE FROM HIS "STORY THEATER"

DIRECTOR PAUL SILLS . . .



KEVIN MAZUR

There, one of his improvisations saved the evening last spring when a production of Sam Shepard's *Operation Sidewinder* had to be withdrawn because of black protests that the play was racist. Sills' substitute, a hasty but hilarious dramatization of ten of Grimm's tales, won high critical acclaim, a contract to play the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, and a TV airing.

But commercial success was not what Sills was after. His friend, Producer Zev Bufman, offered to put *Story Theater* on Broadway this fall, but Sills refused, and went back to Chicago the following morning. Bufman finally won him over by agreeing to establish a nonprofit theatrical company committed to invest its income in future productions.

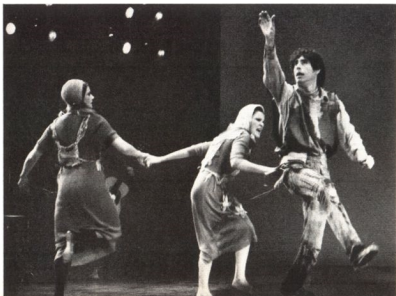
Thru Rub *Story Theater* on Broadway is not much different than it was at Yale or in Los Angeles: eight actors tell ten fairy tales, by narration and body movement, on an essentially bare stage to occasional rock music. Laughs—of self-recognition and sheer amusement—envelop the audience about every 30 seconds. Sometimes the music lends the tale another level of meaning—as when, in the show-stopping *Henny Penny*, the troupe troops off to meet its doom to the strains of Country Joe's antiwar *Fixin' to Die Rag*. But for the most part, the entertainment turns on nothing more than a delightful rendering of familiar fables by highly skilled performers. In a 1,095-seat theater.

There's the rub. For although Bufman insists the show would work "any place in which we can create an atmosphere of magic," Sills admits, "If it had been in a 300-seat house instead of a full-size theater, it would have run forever." As it is, some of the most inventive and tantalizing theater now in Manhattan does heavy business on weekends when children are out of school. Week nights, "there's a sort of resistance to fairy tales," Sills says. And fondly he remembers the man in the lobby during the Los Angeles run "who said he was there because 'What do you want—I should stay home and read to the kids?'"

Edited for Television

TV's appetite for Hollywood movies is so insatiable that studio backlogs of old films are almost used up. And thanks to the film industry's 1968 rating system, the recent crop of pictures available to television is laced with more explicit scenes of sex and violence. As a result, TV censors have felt compelled to work overtime. "We look for three things," says NBC's Herminio Traviesas, vice president in charge of broadcast standards, "Violence, sex and language. Knowing the value of TV sales, I wish producers would find more suitable scripts in the future."

Rather than do that, film studios have begun to do some creative editing of



KEVIN MAZUR

their own. Universal even has a special department for reshaping films for the tube. So far this department has produced major distortion in at least three recent films.

Director Hubert Cornfield's *Night of the Following Day* was a surrealistic, purposely ambiguous thriller—at least it was when it was shown in movie theaters in 1969. Originally, the plot revolved round the adolescent daughter of a European millionaire who was apparently kidnapped by a gang of kinky criminals (including Rita Moreno, Richard Boone and Marlon Brando) and carried off to a deserted beach house, where she was held for ransom, threatened sexually and tortured by members of the gang. Cornfield's last scene, however, implied that perhaps the girl's whole story was just the momentary, erotic fantasy of a troubled teen-ager. Universal trimmed the sex, cut out the sadism and obliterated the ending. Instead, they added several scenes involving the kidnapped girl's brother (a character who never existed in the original film) and a police chief, who did little but sit at a desk and attempt to tie up what the studio must have thought were loose ends of the plot. "Universal treated me like the enemy," says Cornfield. "All they had to do was contact me and tell me they had a problem." They never tried. Cornfield heard about the changes at the last minute, and was contractually powerless to prevent them.

Happy Ending. *Secret Ceremony*, Director Joseph Losey's baroque story of psychosis and interchange of identity, was given an entirely new introductory scene and thereby converted into a trite tale of domestic friction. And British Director Peter Hall, after a similar experience with *Three Into Two Won't Go*, is still smarting. The film, he says, "was about the breakup of a marriage so dishonest it needed breaking up. The crisis was provoked by the husband's affair with a young hitchhiker. Universal's new picture is about a probation officer's search for a girl who has broken her parole. They even added a happy ending."

"I don't enjoy doing what I have to do sometimes," commented Harry Taelman, the Universal producer who supervised the new version of *Three Into Two Won't Go*, "but there are business decisions." Josef Laytes, the man who directed the remaking of both the Hall and Cornfield films, admits that "when I first got the job I was a little unsure about what I was doing." Then he became interested. "I didn't really think about whether it was ethical or unethical. It was a creative challenge."

Both Losey and Hall have requested—with success—that their names be removed from their films. Now Losey has started agitating with the Directors Guild for protection against future alteration. Tighter contracts are obviously called for. "This is a frightening precedent," he says. "Once they begin on this kind of thing, where will it end?"

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Arnie's Desert Campaign

Spiro T. Agnew is a tough man to upstage—even on a golf course. True to form, the Vice President stole Act I at the \$140,000 Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs with a dramatic pair of tee shots, both of which sliced into the gallery, causing something of a stir. But the closing curtain and encore went to an equally renowned performer: Arnold Palmer. In the kind of cliffhanging finish for which he is famous, Palmer coolly rammed home an 18-ft. putt on the first hole of a sudden-death play-off last week to defeat Ray Floyd and pick up his first victory in 14 months.

The gap between his 56th and 57th tour victories had many of Arnie's Army worried that their hero, at 41, might be over the hill. Many observers felt that golf's most exciting pro had become too fat financially, too comfortable for the rugged grind of the tour. Palmer may have shared some of their concern: since New Year's he has not had a cigarette or a drink. The quiet life and concentration on his game have obviously paid off. "I haven't felt this good in 20 years," he crowed after the tournament. "I've been in position to win ten or twelve times in the past year or so, and either through my own mistake or someone else's playing real well, I lost. That sort of thing has to enter your thinking. I stood out there asking myself, 'Well, is it going to happen again?'"

It did not, and Arnie is now \$28,000 richer. Not that his indifferent performance over the past year has sent him to the bread lines. Although he finished no higher than second place in individual competition during 1970, the president of Arnold Palmer Enterprises managed to scratch out \$128,853 in earnings on the tour.

Flower of the Wheat Fields

The tiny (pop. 636) town of Barellan swelters in the middle of the hot wheat plains of New South Wales, Australia. The house on the edge of town is a ramshackle old weatherboard structure with peeling paint, broken-down cars in the yard and a scruffy pack of yapping mongrels constantly in earshot. The inside is something else again—a blinding panoply of glittering trophies. The house is the family home of Evonne Goolagong, 19, a shy, attractive aborigine; the trophies are for tennis, and there are unquestionably more to come.

Recently in Melbourne, Miss Goolagong pulled off one of the biggest upsets of the year by defeating the world's premiere woman tennis player, Mrs. Margaret Court, 7-6, 7-6, for the Victorian Women's Singles title. Evonne then went on to whip Betty Stove of The Netherlands 6-1, 6-4, for the New Zealand championship. With Mrs. Court retiring after this season, Evonne has



EVONNE VOLLEYING
An Aussie to replace Mrs. Court.

blossomed as the prime pretender to her throne. Mrs. Court herself said, "I think, at last, I have found an Australian to take my place."

On to Wimbledon. It seems as if nearly every Australian child grows up brandishing a tennis racket, but it is not an easy sport for an aborigine to crack. Aborigines are Australia's forgotten people, living mainly in shanty settlements at the edge of inland and outback towns. Still, there was no denying Evonne. She began training with the Barellan tennis club when she was six. Four years later the club president, a retired local farmer named Bill Kurtzmann, entered her in a tournament in nearby Naranderra. It turned out that there was no youth division, so the ten-year-old girl proceeded directly to win the women's singles. A few more like that and she caught the eye of Vic Edwards, one of Australia's ranking tennis coaches. Her father, a sheep-shearer, could hardly afford the cost of summer training sessions with Edwards in Sydney, so the townspeople of Barellan scraped up the money. By the time Evonne was 14, Edwards was so convinced of her future that he asked her parents to let her move in with his family. The Goolagongs agreed.

Edwards and Evonne already have their sights on Wimbledon for 1974. There is no question as to her ability or temperament. She is uncowed by such formidable presences as Mrs. Court; in her recent victory, Evonne attacked furiously on point after point. In her own reserved way, Evonne has plenty of steel. She recently accepted an invitation to play in the South African Open, though several aborigine pressure groups urged her to decline. "I feel more mature about these things now," she says. "As long as I am treated like any tennis player in any part of the world, then South Africa will not worry me."

Died, Belle Barth, 59, brass-voiced entertainer and *doyenne* of dirty ditties; of cancer; in Miami Beach. "I love children. I also love music," Miss Barth once said. "But since I couldn't read music, I couldn't teach it to children. So I thought I'd teach grown-ups a thing or two." Her fondness for forbidden words kept her in and out of courts on obscenity charges but did nothing to hurt her recordings, which sold in the millions and earned her the sobriquet "the female Lenny Bruce."

Died, Roger M. Kyes, 64, General Motors executive who served the Pentagon as Deputy Secretary of Defense under Eisenhower in 1953; of a heart attack; in Columbus, Ohio. When G.M. President Charles E. Wilson became Secretary of Defense, he took along his vice president, Kyes, as No. 2 man. Tough-minded, outspoken, sardonically known as "Jolly Roger" because of his piratical ruthlessness, Kyes characterized the nation's military establishment as an organization plagued by "unrealistic requirements, poor planning and inefficient execution . . . waste of money, poor utilization of manpower, unnecessary drain of materials from the civilian economy, and the inefficient use of tools, equipment and facilities." Kyes ordered severe slashes in the defense budget, returned to G.M. the next year with the Medal of Freedom, the Government's highest peacetime civilian award.

Died, Adolf A. Berle Jr., 76, lawyer, economist, diplomat and charter member of F.D.R.'s New Deal Brain Trust; of a stroke; in Manhattan. Brilliant, often acerbic, Berle passed Harvard's entrance exams at 12, graduated *cum laude* from Harvard Law at the age of 21 and after the war opened a successful law practice that he continued until his death. But it was through Government service that he attained national prominence. As counsel to F.D.R.'s Reconstruction Finance Corp. from 1933-38, Berle helped shape much of the legislation designed to reform banking, railroading and the stock market. He went on to serve as a White House speechwriter, Assistant Secretary of State, Ambassador to Brazil. After Roosevelt's death, Berle devoted himself full time to the law; he taught at Columbia, wrote half a dozen books expounding his moderate philosophy of "that all the social inventiveness of the world" was not restricted to "the two poles of Adam Smith and Karl Marx." One of Berle's last positions of Government service was as chairman in 1961 of an advisory task force for John F. Kennedy on Latin American affairs—a position in which he supported the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion, but also advocated the massive hemisphere aid program known as the Alliance for Progress.

Why do the Keil Bros. think it worth having a Pitney-Bowes postage meter behind the counter?



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was not something to look forward to."

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ART

Out of the Midden Heap

In the spring of 1940, Kurt Schwitters was trudging through Norway in flight from the Nazi invasion army. He had only one suitcase of possessions, partly filled with scraps of paper. They were the raw material for collages, and he could not bear to leave them behind. In one pocket he carried a small wooden sculpture at which he whittled on his journey, and in the other a pair of white mice, one of them epileptic. He had quit Germany under Gestapo pressure in 1937, and his works had been banned—along with the products

came instead a kind of stylistic oracle. There have been a number of Schwitters retrospectives to cement the fame Schwitters himself never lived to enjoy. The latest, perhaps the definitive one, is now on view at the Kunsthalle in Düsseldorf, Germany, containing nearly 300 works.

Jubilant Shout. Schwitters did not invent collage as a medium—Braque and Picasso were ahead of him. But when he began making his first assembled images in 1918, he managed to shift the function and look of collage far from its cubist origins. He rummaged through the trash cans of his native Hannover the way an archaeologist might pick over a buried midden heap, on the sound theory that a culture reveals itself in what it throws away. Schwitters was the first to make poetry of this fact, calling his collages "Merz-pictures." The word came from a fragment of paper he had glued on a collage of 1919 that originally read "*Kommer Und Privatbank*," but only the four letters Merz remained visible.

It has often been said that Schwitters' use of junk reflected a Dadaist disgust, a sense of hopelessness and pessimism in the wake of Germany's defeat. In fact, his art was a joyful celebration. "The whole swindle that men call war was finished," Schwitters wrote. "... I felt myself freed and had to shout my jubilation out to the world. Out of parsimony I took whatever I found to do this, because we were now a poor country. One can even shout out through refuse, and this is what I did, nailing and gluing it together. . . . Everything had broken down in any case, and new things had to be made out of fragments."

Schwitters did not share the political militancy of other German Dadaists. He was less concerned with offing the pig than mocking it and making silk purses out of its ears. "The picture," he wrote, "is a self-sufficient work of art. It is not connected to anything outside." And indeed, the complex interlocks and dark, sonorous reds and greens in his *Construction for Noble Ladies*, 1919, carry no detectable political message. But he was intensely aware of the extent to which media had begun to affect life, and the fragments of lettering in *The Und-Picture*, 1919, reflect a world of social imperatives—signs, posters, directives. The word as print fascinated him, independent of its meaning; many of his collages, such as *Esir*, 1947, were made as a form of concrete poetry.

Brain Coral. The illusion of hard-core Dada, that art could change politics, never took root in him. With profound and wry dignity, Schwitters accepted the contradictions and limits of revolutionary art. Change art and you do not change the world, he admitted. But, he would have added, anyone must

work for change with what he has, and all an artist has is art.

Yet Schwitters was also possessed by that Faustian drive that today can be seen in Claes Oldenburg: the ambition to turn the whole world, bit by bit, into an immense *objet trouvé*. Thus his radical invention of environmental art. Schwitters' Merzbau (or Merzhause) in Hannover was the first great work of its kind, integrating assemblage, painting and architecture. Its convolutions reached through two floors and four rooms of Schwitters' home, with a separate offshoot in the attic. It was as if he had deposited the cells and memories of his own brain, wrought out in a coral of bizarre objects, cabinets and boxes, on the walls of a maze.

Schwitters worked on the Merzbau for 18 years, and it was still unfinished when he was forced into exile in 1937.



THE MERZBAU IN HANNOVER
Memory's convolutions.

of his fellow Dadaists—as *entartete Kunst*, "degenerate art."

Eventually, Schwitters escaped to Scotland on a ship with his son and spent 16 months in British internment camps. The camp officials humored him. They let him cut up the kitchen linoleum to paint on, since there was no canvas. Later he settled in the Lake District, produced an uninterrupted stream of work that nobody much wanted, and died in obscurity in 1948, a few months short of his 61st birthday.

It is by now a commonplace that Kurt Schwitters was one of the dozen most influential artists of this century. Everyone who has made assemblages, from Joseph Cornell to Robert Rauschenberg, is in some degree indebted to him. His concept of the "all-enveloping" work of art that could draw on a whole range of media, from paint and sculpture to architecture, sound and print, hovers behind all recent experiments in mixed media. Like Max Ernst, Schwitters is the "classical" Dadaist who destroyed nothing and be-



KURT SCHWITTERS
Freedom's celebrations.

It must have been the most fabulously complex plastic work of the 20th century, a sculptural *Finnegans Wake*; some intimation of its scope may be had from one detail that Schwitters called *The Cathedral of Erotic Misery*. This was a column some twelve feet high and six feet wide, with compartments bearing such names as "The 10% War Invalid," "Ruhr District," "Goethe's Grotto" and "Sex-Murders Cavern." They enshrined, among other relics, a tattered stocking, which Schwitters insisted had belonged to Goethe, and a bottle of yellow fluid on which little flowers were suspended, which he whimsically called "the Master's urine"—meaning his own.

Schwitters was making a microcosm of Germany from its own waste products, and there was a bleakly ironical fate in store for the Merzbau: in 1943, an Allied bomb blew it to dust. But its implications, like the legacy of the rest of his work, could not be destroyed. "I know," Schwitters wrote, "that I am an important factor in the development of art and shall forever remain so."

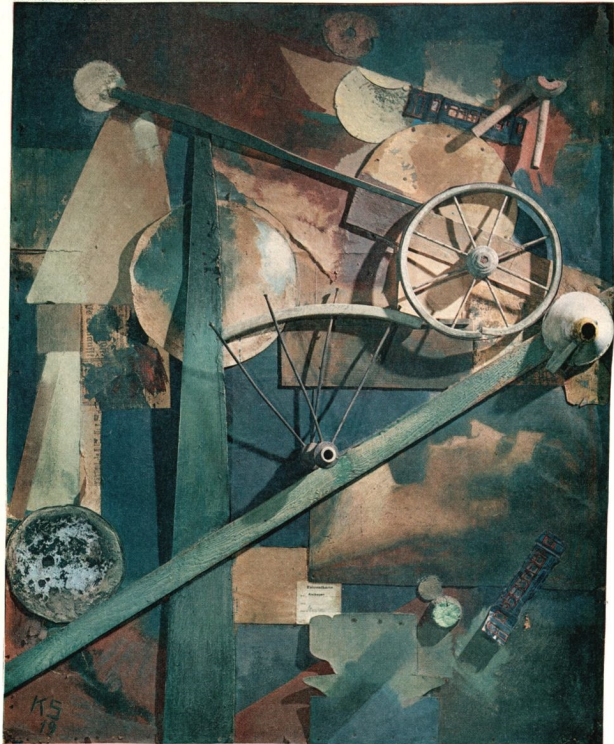
■ Robert Hughes



Schwitters: Resurrector of Trash

"I could not, in fact, see any reason why one should not use the old tickets, driftwood, cloakroom numbers, wires and parts of wheels, buttons and old lumber out of junk-rooms and rubbish heaps as materials for paintings as well as the colors that were produced in factories." In following out this manifesto, Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948) became one of the early inventors, and later the outstanding master, of Dada collage. Above, The Und-Picture, 1919; right, Esir, made in England a year before his death.





Lumber, tickets, a portrait and fragments of a toy train interact with rich color in Construction for Noble Ladies, 1919.

THE THEATER

The Laughing Cure

Molière was a foe of zealotry, and an apostle of moderation. He regarded the extremist as society's sickest man. Each of his better plays is a kind of psycho-social profile of a man with a raging obsession, a feverishly disordered imagination. He may be a hypocrite, a miser, a misanthrope. In Molière's view, such a man is as mad as a man who claims to be Napoleon; the only cure is a cascade of laughter and the bracing tonic of common sense.

This cure is abundantly present in a splendid Broadway revival of *The School for Wives*. The 309-year-old play bubbles with caustic merriment. A large debt of thanks is due Richard Wilbur's deftly idiomatic verse translation. Rendered into pedantic English, Molière's rhyming couplets can drone on with a perishing cumulative monotony. Wilbur makes the meters dance, and the players follow.

The fanatic flaw in Arnolphe, the protagonist of *Wives*, is that he is a wildly jealous man with a horrible fear of being cuckolded. Arnolphe (Brian Bedford) has had his intended wife Agnes (Joan Van Ark) posted to a convent from childhood, and now keeps her isolated from society in a town house guarded by two watchful servants. Arnolphe's master plan has been to keep Agnes innocent in body, and blank of mind. A young gallant wrecks the plan. Horace (David Dukes) catches sight of Agnes, falls in love with her, trysts with her and eventually wins her to wife. The cream of the jest is that he enlists Arnolphe as a co-conspirator, and that wariest of foxes helps to outfox himself.

As the man with horns on the brain, Brian Bedford is a comic marvel. His face is an ever-changing panorama of unholy glee, bottomless despair, and a sour-pickle sneer. With an unbroken, intuitive authority, he leads the way to the vital intersection of Molière's genius, the place where *la vie tragique* meets *la vie triviale*. The ultimate humanity of Molière is that he can make an audience laugh at a man's folly, then make the audience feel how that foolish man suffers, and finally make us all realize just who that suffering fool is—us.

■ T.E. Kalem

Prim and Pallid Hedda

A great dramatic role leads a double life. The outer life is the dialogue, scenes, situations and narrative line that the playwright has bestowed on the play. The inner life is what the actor or actress brings to the play. That is why there have been as many differing Hamlets as there have been actors who have played the part. What makes certain actors great Hamlets is that they invest the role with an inner life of com-

elling richness, density and power. They risk and spend all that they themselves have learned about life and add it to mighty Shakespeare's best.

Another mighty playwright, Ibsen, offers an equivalent role for a woman in *Hedda Gabler*. The sad thing about the current off-Broadway revival is that the inner life that Claire Bloom brings to it is chilly, prim and pallid. The inner life is extremely important to *Hedda*, for otherwise what is left is the story of a kind of grown-up "bad seed," a woman who out of casual malice or native bitchiness burns



BLOOM IN "HEDDA"
Grown-up bad seed.

her would-be lover's brilliant manuscript, pushes him back to drink and gives him a pistol with instructions to shoot himself.

Who would want to meet that sort of woman? For 80 years, playgoers have indicated that they are extremely interested in meeting Hedda. They want to know about everything that Miss Bloom fails to tell them: the source and force of her unspent passion, of her neurotic boredom, of her worship of her father, of her loathing for her husband and of many other intriguing things. The playwright has given the actress gold, but it lies under dark ground where she must assiduously dig. The degree of angst that Claire Bloom con-

veys could easily be relieved with a couple of aspirin.

In the rest of the cast, only Donald Madden as Elert Lovborg, Hedda's prime target (apart from herself), achieves true Ibsenite intensity and anguish. In a profoundly moving scene he tells of losing his manuscript in the way that a carousing father might lose all track of a child and who, coming home, says to the mother, "I lost the child—completely lost him. God knows who's got hold of him." After giving an animal cry, Madden opens his mouth again in a terrible soundless scream and sags lifelessly, like a crucified soul. That is an epiphany. For in one blinding instant, we see the great play that for the rest of the evening is not seen onstage.

■ T.E.K.

Cosmic Jokers

There is a group of relatively new playwrights who might, if they chose, call themselves Pagliacci Incorporated. They are terribly blue about U.S. values and the state of the universe, but they clown around and tell lots of jokes, some of them quite funny, to soothe their philosophically broken hearts. They are seventh-rate Schopenhauers posing as third-rate Neil Simons.

A leading member of this crew is Israel Horowitz, who wrote *The Indian Wants The Bronx*, and now *Line*. Other playwrights with a similar tenor of mind are John Guare (*Cop-Out*), *The House of Blue Leaves*, Kurt Vonnegut Jr. (*Happy Birthday, Wanda June*), and Jules Feiffer (*Little Murders*, *The White House Murder Case*). In a sense, they are all cartoonists (as Feiffer actually is), commenting on life, but never really bringing life to birth on the stage. They all write rather like Madison Avenue dropouts, reaching for the zingy zany line that will somehow sell their intrinsically pessimistic little packages. They are all loaded with urban chic. For these cosmic jokers, Manhattan is the cosmos.

Line is a typical example, for it is a symbolic spelling-out of the big-city rat race. Four men and a woman stand in a line for some undisclosed event, and each one wants to be first. By trickery, by cajolery, by avarice, by lechery, by pure New York pushing and shoving, each, in turn, supplants the other at the head of the line. It is rather like a stand-up game of musical chairs, and though it has a goodly quota of laughs, it goes on too long for what it is.

Horowitz, like his fellow members of Pagliacci Incorporated, always seems on the verge of saying something of size and substance but never gets past the verge. When a playwright says nothing that is fresh, deep, strange, poetic or startling about the business of being human, the frustrating irrelevance of the evening seems to cancel out the apparent signs of theatrical promise. Indeed, a shrine might be erected to all of these fledgling dramatists, and their patron saint would be Our Lady of Perpetual Promise.

■ T.E.K.

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BUSINESS

MORE HOURS FOR SLEEPING IN COLORADO



CATCHING UP ON SURFING IN CALIFORNIA

On the Way to a Four-Day Week

IN this century, American workers have collected two-thirds of the gains from increased productivity in higher pay and one-third in more leisure time. It has seemed almost heretical to consider that both output and leisure could be increased together with no loss in pay and profits. Yet that is the promise of the beginning trend toward the four-day week. The most widely used four-day plan does not involve the four-day, 32-hr. week that remains a goal of organized labor; instead, in its simplest form, it calls for dividing the normal 40-hr. week into four 10-hr. days, leaving three days of rest. Although the trend is still in its infancy, most of the companies and employees who have tried it are enthusiastic about the results. So great is the attention being paid to it in executive suites that the four-day week bears many earmarks of an idea whose time is about to come.

At the latest count, some 90 firms around the U.S. had switched to the four-day week in one form or another. Their activities range from manufacturing to retailing to advertising and other services; most are relatively small, averaging about 185 employees each. So far no large companies have wholly adopted a four-day schedule, but Armour & Co. did so this month at its food-freezing plant in Fairmont, Minn., and hopes to make similar changes at other plants. Chrysler Corp. and the United Auto Workers have agreed to study the possibility, and even giant IBM is taking a new look at the work week, including the possibility of putting some or all of its 157,000 U.S. employees on a four-day routine. Two insurance companies, Mutual of New York and Metropolitan Life, have gone further: their computer staffs work three 12-hr. days a week.

Forget the Office. With more time for recreation, hobbies, their families and self-improvement, many employees find that the four-day week has altered their life-styles. Says Harold MacInnes, an advertising manager for Kyanize Paints of Everett, Mass., a suburb of Boston: "In

two days, you can't forget the office. In three days you can, and come back refreshed." In Murfreesboro, Tenn., where the Samsonite Corp. plant went on a four-day week just after Thanksgiving, General Foreman Dick Baines says that the change "has given me time to be a real part of the family, to be with my wife and children an extra day."

Companies that have adopted the four-day week have been rewarded by easier recruiting, lower turnover of scarce skilled workmen and less absenteeism. At the George H. Bullard Co. of Westboro, Mass., average absenteeism dropped from 6% of the work force to less than 1%. Says Jerry Goucher, a wheel finisher: "I don't have to lose money by leaving work to fish on opening day like the other guys have to do. Lately, I've been cramming in everything on Friday—dentists, doctors, shopping. Then we have Saturday and Sunday to go somewhere." As Jack Peterson, a die and mold designer for C.A. Norgren Co. of Littleton, Colo., puts it, "I like my time in a hunk; you can concentrate on a project more."

Management reaps the benefits of a more diligent work force and sharply lower training costs—all of which shows up in productivity. Interstate of Braintree, Mass., a manufacturer of paint rollers, found that its labor costs dropped 2% after the company adopted a four-day week. Sometimes whole communities are helped. The 151-man Huntington Beach, Calif., police force went on a four-day schedule a year ago; since then the rate of increase in crime has been cut in half—partly because the policemen's ten-hour shifts overlap during the high-crime hours of 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. Patrolmen Bob Dawson and Ivan Neal put their additional day off to good use: both are studying for college degrees. Even a temporary four-day week seems to lift morale. Knox Reeves Advertising of Minneapolis closed Fridays throughout last July because President Kenneth Oelschlaeger wanted to test whether more leisure

would generate more ideas in a business that depends on brainpower. The staff whizzed through a heavier-than-usual work load, and "do it the July way" has now become a byword in the agency for more intensive and productive work. Metropolitan Life's assistant vice president for electronic installations, Edward M. Honan, reports no less satisfying results from the three-day schedule adopted for computer crews. "It is working out perfectly, and for the first time in years we have all the data processing help we can handle."

Beyond the Gates. There are pitfalls, of course. Most of them are detailed in *4 days, 40 hours* (175 pages, \$5, Bursk and Poor Publishing), a paperback survey edited by Mrs. Riva Poor, a Cambridge management consultant. A few companies gave up the four-day week because their customers refused to adapt to the new schedule. Some workers complained of fatigue because of the longer days. Other firms rushed into a four-day week without sufficiently preparing their work force, then found that they had to raise wages to make the change in hours acceptable. Among companies that switched successfully, many offered overtime for the last hour of the day and gave their workers an incentive bonus for full attendance—along with a slightly lower basic pay scale. The net effect was that workers took home somewhat fatter pay envelopes for the same number of hours.

Like other big social advances, the four-day week portends changes far beyond the plant gates. Widespread adoption would add to the fast expansion of leisure-time activities and bring prosperity—as well as crowds and noise—to vacation spots unreachable during a two-day weekend. Highways might be less crowded, and workers would save a fifth of their commuting costs. That would amount to a nontaxable wage increase, though the beneficiaries might spend more on weekends. Mrs. Poor polled 168 men and women who worked a four-day week and found

that 17% were moonlighting, v. only 4% before the switch. But she found big increases in camping and boating, attendance at spectator sports, and plain loafing. Visits to relatives rose by 121%. Economist Paul Samuelson, who has endorsed the idea of the four-day week, suggests another possible result: a change in "the division of labor between husband and wife in the home to redress the ancient curse of female drudgery."

Mrs. Poor may be a bit optimistic when she predicts that within five years, 80% of U.S. industry will convert to a four-day week, or something similar. Yet the pressures for such a change are large and increasing, and the benefits too obvious to be ignored. The longer day and shorter work week could easily become the next great transformation in the nation's business pattern.

THE ECONOMY

Arthur the Independent

Now let me be quite precise in this respect. The Federal Reserve is independent, and the new chairman, who will be sworn in here tomorrow, is one of the most independent men I know.

—President Nixon, Jan. 30, 1970

However, I hope that independently he will conclude that my views are the ones that should be followed.

—Nixon at swearing-in ceremonies for Arthur Burns the next day

The President has had many occasions lately to remember those remarks about his old friend and economics mentor. The Federal Reserve Board could pump enough money into the U.S. economy to increase greatly the chances that Nixon's glowing forecasts of fast production, profit and income growth in 1971 will come true. Since December, Nixon has been publicly implying that the board has a duty to do so; some aides make the argument in private with extraordinary vehemence. Last week Burns made it plain that despite this pressure he will be quite as independent as Nixon advertised and less accommodating than the President hoped.

Testifying before the congressional Joint Economic Committee, Burns was wreathed in his customary cloud of pipe smoke, but seemed somewhat less Delphic than usual. He pledged that the Federal Reserve would provide enough money and credit for "healthy economic expansion," but added that the board was already being "quite generous" in supplying funds. "The banks are flooded with money," he said. "What we have is not a shortage of money but a shortage of confidence [among borrowers]." Expanding the money supply at an annual rate above 5% to 6% for any long period, Burns said, intensifies inflationary pressures. Last year the growth in money supply averaged a moderate 5½%, but some Administration officials think that Nixon's 1971 targets can be reached only with a 6% to 9% money growth.



FEDERAL RESERVE CHIEF BURNS AT THE WHITE HOUSE
Only as much money as a healthy economy can absorb.

The board "will not become the architects of a new wave of inflation," Burns told the committee. His apparent meaning is that the Federal Reserve will put out only as much money in 1971 as its seven governors judge the economy can absorb without adding to inflation. If that amount turns out to be enough to bring about Nixon's predicted 9% jump in gross national product, to \$1,065 billion, this year, well and good. If not, too bad.

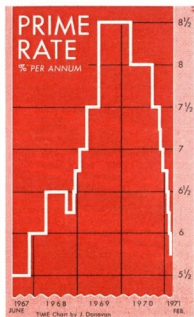
Flexible Scholar. Burns has already unified the Federal Reserve behind this policy. When Nixon appointed him, Burns was known as a rigid, terrible-tempered conservative; capital gossips predicted a wave of resignations from the Federal Reserve staff. Instead, Burns has won the admiration of staff economists by working them hard but listening closely to their views. The governors grant Burns their full respect. He is a stickler for clarity, who, according to one insider, sharply asks "What do you mean by that?" of speakers at Federal Reserve meetings.

A house painter's son who made his reputation as an arrogant scholar, Burns as head of the nation's supreme court of money has shown a diplomat's talent for flexibility. At 66, Burns is skeptical of all sweeping economic theories. Lately he has been expressing doubt that money supply is as important as his friend Milton Friedman contends. "I am less of a monetarist than when I came here," he says. The Federal Reserve is now giving primary attention to accelerating the decline in interest rates. Two weeks ago, the board cut its discount rate a quarter point to 4½%, the latest in a series of reductions from the 1969-70 peak of 6%. Last week major banks lowered the prime rate on business loans from 6% to 5½%, the ninth reduction in eleven months.

Like every other Federal Reserve chairman, Burns acts as an unofficial economic adviser to the Administration. In that role, he has been pushing strongly for an "incomes policy"—direct presidential pressure against excessive wage and price boosts—over opposition from George Shultz, director of the Office of Management and Budget. Burns renewed his efforts last week, telling the Joint Economic Committee that he discerns widespread public support for "vigorous efforts to bring wage settlements and prices in our major industries within more reasonable bounds."

He seems to be making progress: Nixon last week threatened unspecified "action" against the construction industry if unions and managements do not agree by this week on a voluntary stabilization plan. On other issues, Burns has lost; he suggested that the Administration forecast a \$1,055 billion G.N.P. for 1971, but Nixon preferred Shultz's \$1,065 billion figure. "As a target, I consider it admirable; as a prediction, I consider it optimistic," said Burns.

Whatever the merits of his independent course, Burns can expect little thanks. If the Administration meets its growth targets, Nixon and Shultz will take most of the credit. If not, old friendship notwithstanding, the White House may well put most of the blame on Burns and the Federal Reserve for not feeding the economy enough money.



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A Growth Industry Grows Up

It was only 20 years ago that the world's first commercially sold computer, a Univac Model I, was installed at the Bureau of the Census in Washington. Today hardly any type of commercial or human activity in the U.S. goes unrecorded, unpredicted or unencumbered by computers. The machines keep track of almost every bank check, reserve nearly all scheduled-airline seats, scrutinize every federal income tax return. Computers help to diagnose illnesses, plan radiation therapy, and map a path for the brain surgeon's scalpel. One computer has synthesized the tone of a trumpet so authentically that experts cannot distinguish it from a genuine trumpet blast. In fact, the cybernetic sweep has reached so far that one harassed Manhattanite placed an ad last week in the *New York Times* begging computers to spell his name correctly: Ruben Morris.

As unmistakably as the computer has altered the character of everyday life, it is changing the shape of the com-

Burroughs, Control Data, RCA, NCR, Sperry Rand—have all brought out new products within the last year. Many of them are so-called "fourth generation" computers: incredibly complex instruments of astronomical calculating power. In fact, they make the original Univac I look like an abacus by comparison. Last week Honeywell-G.E. introduced its Series 6000 line of fourth-generation models (price: up to \$4,500,000), which can execute 1,000,000 instructions a second.

Simultaneously, the first big price war has flared in the computer industry. Under antitrust pressure, IBM last year decided to abandon the single-

with its own disk drive, making it difficult for a user to add a competitor's gadget. The independents have retaliated with price cuts of their own, and more are expected.

Ironically enough, Wall Street responded to the battle by marking down the stock prices of several independent firms, which had been regarded as glamor issues. Naturally, some independents rushed to the New York Society of Securities Analysts to give reassurances from its lectern. Rebutting contentions that IBM may squash its smaller rivals, Lester Kilpatrick, president of California Computer Products, argued: "IBM, not the independents, is on the defensive. For the first time in its history, IBM has been forced to lower prices to retain its predominant share of the market. The rest of us can prosper too."

Log in the Middle. That proposition has become a particularly debatable topic. A report now being privately circulated by the consulting firm of Arthur D. Little shows that IBM domestic shipments of computers fell 18% last year, while those of its competitors rose 8%. On the other hand, so many companies have moved into software, data processing, time sharing and facilities management that 42% of 102 companies surveyed in this field lost money even in 1969, according to the Little study. Though figures for last year have not yet been compiled, the recession undoubtedly increased the flow of red ink. By 1975, predicts Little, 20 firms in services and software may well snare the bulk of revenues that are now spread among 2,500.

Beyond the computer industry's present difficulties, however, Little's experts foresee years of sturdy growth. The value of installed computers in the U.S. may well double by 1975 to \$53 billion. In hardware, the greatest expansion will come at the extremes: giant computers (those priced over \$1.5 million) and small computers (less than \$200,000). Though the middle range will continue to be the largest market for computers, its rate of growth is likely to lag. IBM, which derives most of its hardware revenues from middle-sized computers, may see its share of the U.S. hardware market drop from today's 68% to 60% by 1975. Some analysts prophesy that, in time, perhaps as early as 1980 or perhaps not until 2000, computers will pass even the oil and auto industries in total size.

Teaching by Wire. Before computers can complete their conquest of business, computer makers will have to educate executives in how to use the machines more wisely. Most top management men still regard the computer as a glorified adding machine, complains Walter Carlson, president of the Association for Computing Machinery. "It costs them millions," he says. "Yet the electronic data-processing manager is usually below the rank of vice president. Almost always he reports to a man who



RECORDING SALES ORDERS

puter business itself. For the past three years, one-tenth of new U.S. investment in plant and equipment has gone into computers, enough to make electronic data processing the nation's fastest-growing major industry. Last year computer-industry revenues rose 17%, to some \$12.5 billion. Still, the computer industry may in some ways be a victim of its own success. Computer technology has raced ahead of the ability of many customers to make good use of it. Not long ago, the Research Institute of America found that only half of 2,500 companies questioned felt that their present machines were paying for themselves in increased efficiency.

Price War. Despite such doubts among their customers, the major producers of computer hardware—IBM,



TEACHING MATH IN BROOKLYN

price, machine-plus-service package that had helped the company gain 70% of the U.S. computer market. The "unbundling" left IBM customers free to shop around for bargains in systems-engineering, programming and employee education. Customers had always been able to buy peripheral equipment—the storage and retrieval units that speed data into and out of the machines—from competitors offering prices up to 15% below IBM's. But unbundling illuminated the disparity. By year's end, the scrappy independents had grabbed an estimated 15% of the computer industry's prime growth market in such peripherals as disk and tape drives.

Stung by the loss of business, IBM struck back by introducing new peripherals with prices 10% to 35% lower than comparable existing models. On top of that, IBM filed a lawsuit against Memorex, a large peripheral maker, alleging use of IBM trade secrets. The company also brought out a model of its new System/370 that can be equipped



You spend years saving for a big vacation. A pickpocket spends years learning how to ruin it.

Finally, you're going on that big vacation. The children are staying across the street, the dog and the goldfish are all taken care of, and you're at the airport and on your way to see America—at last.

Naturally, you have plenty of money with you—enough to really do this trip right.

The pickpocket applauds your decision. He's spent years learning his trade. His training program includes practice with a dummy figure with bells on each of its pockets. When he gets good enough to open the pockets and remove a wallet *without jingling the bells*, he figures he's ready for you.

And he is.

He's so good, in fact, you probably can't keep him from picking your pocket. But you can keep him from ruining your vacation. By carrying as little cash as possible. And protecting the rest of your money with American Express Travelers Cheques.

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Even on weekends and holidays in the U.S., American Express can arrange an

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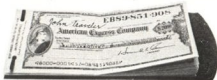
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**THE TRAVELERS CHEQUE
AMERICAN EXPRESS
FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL**

is not schooled in the subject." Recently, one major credit-card company ran into a costly surge of errors in processing monthly bills because it had tried to cram too much information onto the standard 80-column punch card. As a result, the company has been forced to slow its expansion while it straightens out the mess.

The most significant strides over the next few years are likely to come from applying existing computer technology to new fields. IBM, for instance, recently brought out a portable 10-lb. "terminal" that salesmen can connect to a pay telephone to send orders directly to their home-office computers. Sixteen New York City schools now use an RCA computer in Manhattan to teach arithmetic, reading and spelling to 6,000 pupils.

Scientists have already endowed computers with the power to see. For example, optical character recognition enables computers to read printed characters rather than sense data from holes in cards or impulses on tape. Some experts believe that they can devise computers that "think," at least in a rudimentary way. For all the change that it has already wrought, the computer has barely begun to transform the methods of business and very probably the character of civilization.

AUTOS

First Round to the Foreigners

U.S. car sales have picked up strong momentum now that General Motors has restocked dealer showrooms after its 67-day strike last fall. G.M. Chairman James Roche's December prediction of 1971 volume totaling a near-record 9.5 million cars or more may easily be fulfilled. But the sales figures make even better reading for Japanese and West German automakers than for their American rivals. Detroit's car manufacturers are quietly burying their hopes that 1971 will be the year in

which the imported-car invasion of the U.S. market is decisively repelled.

Those hopes flared brightly last September when the Ford Pinto and Chevy Vega began rolling off assembly lines to join the American Motors Gremlin in battling the imports. By then it was too late to keep imported-car sales from climbing to a 1970 record of 1,245,793 cars, or 14.9% of the U.S. market. American executives hoped that the availability of the three subcompacts would hold 1971 import sales to about 1,000,000 cars, or around 10% of a slightly larger market. Instead, imports so far in 1971 are accounting for 15.5% of all cars sold in the U.S. In January, sales of American-made cars jumped to an imposing 16% above a year earlier—but import sales leaped by a startling 26%. Japanese makers are posting the largest gains. Toyota's U.S. sales in January almost doubled from the level of the previous year, to 20,016 cars; Datsun's almost tripled, to 13,610.

Woeing Whom? One reason, apparently, is that Detroit did not make its subcompacts quite good enough or cheap enough to win over the majority of import buyers. A stripped-down, two-door Vega, for example, sells for \$2,091 (including federal excise tax and dealer preparation charges) and a Pinto for \$1,944, v. \$1,899 for the basic Volkswagen. The subcompacts, though, are small and cheap enough to attract many motorists who might buy bigger U.S.-made cars if they felt more flush, but whose desire for economy has been sharpened by the bite of the 1970 recession and continuing inflation. A G.M. poll of early Vega buyers disclosed that 30% would have turned to a larger and more expensive G.M. car if the Vega had not been available.

With both imports and the U.S.-made minicars gaining at the expense of full-sized, intermediate-priced autos, small cars now account for 33% of all sales. That is double their market share in 1966 and far more than Detroit had expected. Luxury cars are also selling well: both Cadillac and the Continental Mark III are setting sales records. Despite the runaway pace of total sales, the product mix is far from the most profitable for U.S. automakers.

Consolation Level. Last week Detroit threw some reserves into the sales battle. Pontiac unveiled its first small car, the Ventura II,

built on the same 111-in. wheelbase chassis as Chevy's compact Nova. Ford introduced a second model of its front-running Pinto subcompact, a "runabout" that has an upward-opening rear door much like the Vega's or Gremlin's. Increased supplies of the Vega may help to curtail sales of imports too; Chevy still has not reached its goal of building 1,600 Vegas a day, but hopes to do so in late March or early April.

U.S. automakers, however, no longer expect to make any significant progress against imports this year. "Under the circumstances, the best we can hope for is some leveling off," says Elliott M. Estes, a G.M. group vice president. So long as total sales approach record levels, of course, the automakers are consoleable. If Detroit had not introduced the subcompacts, the imports might well have grabbed a third of the U.S. car market.

OIL

Power to the Producers

Before departing for his ski chalet at St. Moritz last week, the Shah of Iran conferred a medal, the first-class *Taj*, or crown, on his finance minister Jamshid Amuzegar. The dapper, Cornell-trained Amuzegar had led the six oil-producing nations of the Persian Gulf—Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Abu Dhabi and Qatar—in wresting an enormous increase in payments from 23 international oil companies, 20 of them American. In fact the Shah, who had guided the negotiations over the gold telephones installed at his desk and bedside in the royal palace, had good reason to be pleased with himself as well.

Stiff Bargain. By the time last week's accord ended a month of confrontation in Teheran, the Shah had established himself as leader of the world's oil-producing nations and changed the balance of power between oil-producing and consuming countries. Under the stiff provisions of a new, five-year pact, the posted price of Persian Gulf oil—on which royalties and taxes are calculated—will rise by 35¢ per bbl. The producing companies' taxes will also go up 5%, to 55%. Every year until 1975, the companies will pay an additional 5¢ per bbl., plus 24¢ to compensate for anticipated worldwide inflation. All in all, the oil companies will pay \$1.2 billion more in royalties and taxes this year, a 25% increase in income for the producing nations. Iran's 1971 oil revenues of \$1.8 billion will amount to five times what Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. paid the country between 1910 and 1951, when the company was nationalized. Last week's agreement is expected to bring the gulf countries an extra \$10 billion in oil income over the next five years.

Perhaps 80% of the huge increase will ultimately return to industrial nations in the form of investments or orders for capital and consumer goods. But the oil companies, which calculate



PONTIAC'S VENTURA



CHEVROLET'S VEGA



FORD'S PINTO

Honor thy self.



ABOUT \$10 A FIFTH. PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.
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their present profit at only 1¢ per gal. of gasoline, will raise prices soon in Europe and Japan, probably by an average 1.5¢ per gal. Last week gasoline prices in West Germany went up by 2¢ per gal. for regular and 1¢ for high-octane gasoline. Ticket prices may rise for London omnibuses, and Britain faces the uncomfortable prospect of paying \$600 million more for imports by 1975 because of higher oil prices. American consumers will be little affected for now because the U.S. gets only 3% of its oil from the Middle East. But if Venezuela legislates higher taxes as it intends to do, the price of East Coast heating fuel, most of which is imported, is likely to rise.

Coming Showdown. In the Teheran agreement, the oil companies gained a pledge—perhaps fragile—from the gulf states not to raise prices again for five years. The promise is supposedly binding even if the leftist revolutionary regime in Libya, the country that started the latest round of increases last fall, wins a larger settlement in negotiations beginning this week or next. Libya's Deputy Premier, Major Abdel Salam Jaloud, has already served notice that the gulf agreement "does not even reach the minimum of our demands." Adopting a pattern that it has used successfully before, the Libyan government has also decreed that it will deal with the oil companies one by one. Negotiating along with Libya will be Algeria and two of the gulf states, Saudi Arabia and Iraq, which have not yet settled on a price for that part of their oil production that reaches the Mediterranean by pipeline. Some major oil companies avow that they will shut down their Libyan production rather than accede to leapfrog demands, lest this cause the painful Teheran pact to come unstuck.

After the Libyan showdown, the oil companies must agree on a new price with Venezuela and Indonesia before a worldwide pattern of oil prices can be reestablished. The Teheran agreement illuminates the new power over industrial countries that the world's producers of raw materials can exert if they act in unison. Having made his point with oil, the Shah of Iran last week was talking of forming similar groupings of nations that produce coffee, copper, tin, rubber and other commodities to bargain with consuming countries.

INDUSTRY

The California Wine Rush

Potentially, California has always been one of the world's greatest vineyards. The state's favorable soil and climate rival and in some ways surpass that of the wine-producing areas of France. Only in recent years, however, have California vintners been able to overcome the popular impression—once founded on fact—that most of their wines lacked the mellow appeal of Europe's output. One consequence is a

spurge of expansion that has lured both big corporations and a remarkable number of individual entrepreneurs into the California wine industry.

More than 31 wineries have been started or revived within the past three years, mostly by affluent executives. For example, W.E. van Loben Sels, 52, turned over his asphalt business to his son and founded Oakville Vineyards in the Napa Valley, a prime wine area north of San Francisco. Russell Green gave up his \$100,000-a-year job as president of Signal Oil & Gas Co. to buy the sleepy Simi Winery Co. in Healdsburg. Both Switzerland's Nestlé and Connecticut's Heublein purchased Napa Valley wineries last year. Though it can take a decade to reap any return from new vines, Widmer's Wine Cellars of New York, now controlled by

wine consumption has increased by 60% since 1960, five times as fast as population growth. Sales gained 10% in 1969 and another 13% last year, to 265 million gallons. Wine makers are particularly heartened because Americans have taken to drinking wine with meals. For the first time since Prohibition, table wines in 1969 outsold sweet wines such as sherry, port and muscatel in the U.S. California produces 75% of the wine consumed in the nation and 85% of the U.S. output. Grapes have become the state's largest cash crop (ahead of tomatoes and cotton), and the price of land in choice viticultural areas has doubled in the past five years.

Riches of Research. Prohibition, of course, ruined California's once thriving wine industry, and growers suffered another calamitous setback during World War II. To maintain sales and profits in those whisky-short years, big distillers bought up major wineries and their large inventories. To get scarce liquor, dealers thereafter were forced to accept unwanted stocks of wine, which they left to deteriorate along with the growers' reputations.

The industry owes its comeback in great part to diligent efforts to improve both its technology—now the world's most advanced—and the quality of the product. Family-owned E. & J. Gallo Winery, which produces a third of the state's output, has 60 staff oenologists working to upgrade its wines. Edmund Mirassou, co-owner of Mirassou Vineyards, is experimenting with a harvester that crushes and cools simultaneously, thus preserving the grapes' fruity bouquet. Many European vintners now send their sons to the Davis campus of the University of California. There oenologists have developed several popular new strains of grape and found a way to heat-treat vines to make

them virus resistant, thus doubling the yield per acre.

Many smaller wineries have successfully concentrated on choice wines like Pinot Chardonnays and Pinot Noirs. The Cabernet Sauvignon made by Joe Heitz in St. Helena sells for up to \$11.50 a bottle, and Heitz cannot keep up with demand. Jack Davies, who gave up a vice presidency at a Los Angeles metals firm to revive the defunct Schramberg Vineyards near Calistoga, gets as much as \$8.50 a bottle for his premium champagne. A visiting British wine expert, Hugh Johnson, found himself amazed last fall. "California is making wine as good as the wine of France," he wrote in *Gourmet*. "At the peaks not quite so good, but on the average maybe better." Executives of San Benito's Almaden Vineyards prize a more subtle compliment: recently Louis Latour, the famed French wine maker, flew over for a firsthand inspection of their whole operation.



TOSSING GRAPES INTO CRUSHERS
A triumph of diligence.

mustard-making R.T. French Co., is spending \$5,000,000 to buy and clear 400 Sonoma County acres and start from scratch.

Poverty of Success. Established wine makers led the planting rush. Paul Masson, a subsidiary of Seagram's, is increasing its grape lands around Monterey by 10,000 acres, an area two-thirds the size of Manhattan. Christian Bros. is uprooting plum orchards in order to plant vines. St. Helena's Louis M. Martini Co. stepped up production by one-fourth last year. "Like most of the family wineries, we are taking out just enough money to live on and plowing the rest back into the business," says Louis P. Martini, son of the founder. "We have never been more successful—or felt poorer."

The expansion has been reinforced by the nation's rising thirst for wines, especially, say wine merchants, among young adults who reject the martini-zoned image of their parents. U.S.

The Wizard of Avis.

It has nerves of steel, an electronic mind, and a heart of gold.



Avis is about to revolutionize the rent a car industry. We're building a computer system that will be the most advanced in the business (even though our present system is already the best in the business).

It will be called The Wizard of Avis. And it will do a lot of wonderful things for us and for you.

The Wizard will connect all Avis rental, administrative, and reservation terminals, and hook them up directly to a central location at Avis World Headquarters.

The Wizard will also be programmed to be nice to people.

What all this means to you is that you'll be able to rent a sparkling new Plymouth or other fine car from Avis in less time, with less trouble, and for less money than ever before.

The Wizard will make renting a car ridiculously easy.

And ridiculously fast. Because The Wizard will remember everything.

It will remember all the information you give it when you make your reservation. And it will remember where every car is, has been and will be. Then, it will automatically locate the exact type of car you want and have it waiting for you wherever and whenever you want it.

It will also record all your reservation information on your rental agreement. And even if you should lose the agreement (perish the thought), The Wizard will duplicate it.

You can't make things much easier than that.

The Wizard will save you trouble.

Whenever you rent a Plymouth from Avis, you'll know exactly what you're getting. Because

The Wizard will maintain a running history of every Avis car in operation.

It will know the make, the model, the year, how far it's gone, and what shape it's in.

Since it knows all that, it also knows what cars to rent out and which ones not to rent out.

Which means you won't have to worry about getting a bad car.

The Wizard will save you money.

You tell the rental agent the type of rate you've selected. He enters it.

At this point The Wizard takes over. And does the rest.

The Wizard will make it hard for human beings at Avis to make mistakes.

All Avis terminals that are hooked up to The Wizard will have something special called a "prompter." Each time a car is rented, the "prompter" will flash a series of messages to quickly guide the rental agent through the complete transaction.

The "prompter" will make sure the rental agent doesn't forget anything.

When will The Wizard begin?

The first part of The Wizard will be ready in a few months when it will begin handling corporate accounts.

The new reservation system will be ready in early 1972. The first automated car rental counter terminal will be in operation a few months later. And the full system, by the end of 1972.

Meanwhile you'll just have to be content with the best reservation system in the business.

It may seem like a long time to wait for The Wizard, but look at it this way.

That may be the last time Avis will ever ask you to wait.

Avis is going to be No.1. We try harder.

SOB STORY, OR, A BESTSELLER BESTED

WHAT can you say about a 25-year-old girl who died of lockjaw? That she was tight-lipped. And tongue-tied. That she loved Mao and Che, and brown rice sprinkled with soybeans and sunflower seeds. And me. She never told me what the order was, which somehow still bugs me. Family tradition was always to be *numero uno*, don't you know?

During the fall of my senior year at the Academy of Accounting, I happened into one of the Friday evening riots in the main quad. There's no place like a riot for observing the cheese. By the time I got there, however, only a few whiffs of smoke were rising from the charred remains of the president's house, and the fuzz had already doused the flames at the base of her stake and untied the dean of women, who was still only medium rare. With nothing else to do, the blues were coming my way!

"Scared?" asked a voice behind me. I turned and looked up to a tall, leggy bird.

"Not exactly," I replied.

"Face it, Sammy Four-Eyes, you're scared. Want me to get you out?" A superwoman, no less! But it didn't seem like the time to argue, and so I played an obedient Clark Kent to her Lois Lane. Three big whacks and two little nudges with her brick-filled book bag and we were at the Jolly Green Giant, a health-food pub, which, despite its name, does not discriminate against small, nongreen people.

"I'm Myrna Marvel," she said, "an American of English extraction."

"My name is Arnold," I said, omitting my famous surname.

"First or last?"

"First. The last name is Barbieri."

"Like *Il Barbieri di Siviglia*?"

"Yes, a second cousin." A superwoman, health-food nut, and opera buff!

"I know who you are. You're the son of Luke Barbieri, 'Luke the Electrician,' the Mafia's boss of all the bosses." I had to admit it.

"Relax, Sammy Four-Eyes, I like intellectuals." My glasses steamed up and I dropped my casebook of corporate accounts. It was the beginning of our love story.

I would like to say a word now about our physical relationship. It was great—even without my glasses!

By early spring we were ready for a trip to the family manse in New Jersey. Myrna and I planned to get married. Behind the great iron gates, everything seemed in order. The gardeners lowered their Tommy guns in silent homage to the next *numero uno*; the killer dogs snarled welcome. Two Congressmen and three mayors walked out of the front door.

"Holy ----!" announced Myrna, perforating my ribs with her elbow. "Your father's a ---- fascist pig!" Myrna wasn't afraid of anything. The way it turned out, my father did not seem at all put out by Myrna's peace button, her Black Panther button, her S.D.S. button, her "Kill the Pigs" button, her bib overalls or her carefully teased blonde Afro wig. He didn't even wince when she accidentally let loose a ---- and a ---- over the Chianti, and a Holy ---- and a ---- during the spaghetti. In fact, I could only see the faintest spark behind his Coca-Cola green glasses when she patted his shiny bald dome. I knew, though, that somewhere behind those shades Luke was figuring exactly how many kilowatts it would take to straighten

out that Afro and melt those buttons. "She is a nice girl," he hissed to me. "But she is a Wasp."

I would not be intimidated. "Careful, Father, I can always work for IBM." He blanched, as I knew and expected he would.

Myrna and I were married—without the blessing, financial or otherwise, of my father—and the long struggle began to put me through the Academy of Advanced Accounting. Most of the burden was borne by Myrna, who spent twelve hours a day teaching karate at the downtown Jack LaLanne's. Our only recreation was listening to Rod McKuen on Sunday, and except

for a few old posters of Mao and Marcuse, a signed photo of Kate Millett and a ritual five-minute recitation at midnight from the Little Red Book, she had given up radical politics altogether. I suspect that she would not have survived at all without wheat germ and a Spiro Agnew voodoo doll. Still, it was worth it. Come graduation, I was, once again, *numero uno*, besieged by offers of \$100,000-a-year partnerships from nine Wall Street accounting firms, invited by Melvin Laird to bring cost accounting back to the Pentagon, and asked to lunch at Nedick's by Ralph Nader, who wanted me to find out how much General Motors really makes. At 25 I was being mentioned in the press as the next Secretary of Defense—even the White House did not seem beyond my grasp. There was just one hitch. Myrna wanted me to show Jerry Rubin how to lead a revolution on \$5 a day or less.

"It's the only thing to do, Sammy," she said. Love has its limits, and with that comment Myrna had just passed them. She obviously had to go. But how? One day I snagged the perfect solution—a rusty nail in a kitchen cupboard. Late that night, when Myrna was sleeping off the extra-heavy dose of fortified milk I

had prepared for her, I scratched her, ever so gently, on the right instep—I did not want to hurt her. Within the week the toxin took hold.

"Sammy, my jaw's stiff," she said. Then: "Sammy, I can hardly talk." Before long her mouth was frozen into a pretty but irremovable grin. My eyes brimming with tears, I decided to tell her the truth.

"I did it, Myrna. With a rusty nail."

"A rusty nail? But why, Sammy?"

"I don't want to join Jerry Rubin. If I can't be *numero uno* in the Mafia, I want to be President of the United States. I love my country even more than I love you."

"I could have taken eight years in the White House, Sammy."

"I've broken three toes tripping over your barbells on the way to the bathroom."

"I would have moved them."

"The bed was always covered with sunflower seeds."

"I would have changed the sheets."

"I discovered that your vegetable masher decodes messages from J. Edgar Hoover while it's macerating the celery. You're an FBI agent."

"I would have quit."

"I don't like being called Sammy. My name is Arnold."

"But, Sammy, aren't you even sorry?" Those were her last words.

"Love," I said between sobs, "means not ever having to say you're sorry."

■ Gerald Clarke



CINEMA



DALTON & CALDER-MARSHALL (1971)
After the educated dogs.

Romantic Backlash

"Heathcliff . . . Heecccathcliff . . ." When the first sound version of *Wuthering Heights* was filmed in 1939, that wail seemed to echo back to the grave of Emily Brontë herself. The latest remake seems to echo back to 1939. The comparison is seldom flattering. In the earlier film Laurence Olivier constructed the role of Heathcliff like a man building a castle. Timothy Dalton, who played the foppish Prince Rupert in *Cromwell*, now seems less landlord than tenant. He self-consciously melts and struts, breathing hard to signify passion, curling his lip to show contempt.

Director Robert Fuest is quite a come-down from original Director William Wyler, then hitting his stride. Wyler worked against the faintly ridiculous aspects of the plot. Fuest emphasizes them:

OLIVIER & OBERON (1939)



the young bastard Heathcliff finds a soul mate in Cathy, who swears "I am Heathcliff." Grown to wild manhood, he is thrust out of the ancestral digs, *Wuthering Heights*, by its owner Hindley. Cathy is pledged to another; Heathcliff goes abroad and returns a sudden gentleman of fortune. At the gaming table he wins most of the estate from the ruined Hindley, but too late. Cathy, doomed to die in childbirth, curses him. Within hours of her funeral, Heathcliff meets his own fate, perishing on the hills where the lovers once swore eternal fealty.

Wuthering Heights II is not without its redeeming factors. The principal one is Anna Calder-Marshall, 23, a British actress who won an American Emmy in 1969 for a TV presentation of *Male of the Species*. As Cathy, she lends her role a taste of palpable tragedy and dignity. Like virtually all star-crossed 19th century heroines, Cathy is an example of cloaked sexuality. Calder-Marshall makes that character an embodiment of what Virginia Woolf saw as "a struggle, half thwarted but of superb conviction." Though Fuest seems to leave his players to their own devices, he has a fine camera eye. The novel suggests a suite of woodcuts; the earlier film was, appropriately, black-and-white gothic. Though this *Wuthering Heights* is in color, it is suggestive of death and transfiguration. The Yorkshire landscape has never seemed so malignant; filters block sunlight so that skies gleam while grounds are plunged in darkness, recalling the paintings of Magritte.

Seldom does the film equal its pictorial quality. But perhaps *Wuthering Heights* was, like its principals, frustrated from the start. Its distributors, American International Pictures, saw it as "a youth-oriented picture," suggesting groovy moors and Now people suffering Then hang-ups. Its significance is, finally, not aesthetic but historic. AIP, former king of motorcycle and beach-blanket flicks, has become a leader of the romantic backlash. In one fell swoop, it has disavowed its sleazy origins, bypassed the grind houses and landed the distributors' dream. *Wuthering Heights* will open at the ultimate Temple of Memory, Radio City Music Hall, sandwiched between an act called "The Educated Dogs" and a musical salute to Stephen Foster. Next on the AIP production schedule: remakes of *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Les Misérables*.

■ Stefan Kanfer

Cute Dracula

The Night Visitor is as incontinent as a colander, as unstable as a drunk trying to stand on one foot. Its central flaw is so common that Raymond Chandler complained about it 26 years ago in his great critique "The Simple Art of Murder": "The boys [cops] with their feet on the desks know that the easiest murder case in the world to break is the one some-

body tried to get very cute with; the one that really bothers them is the murder somebody thought of only two minutes before he pulled it off."

No cuter killer exists than Salem (Max von Sydow), doomed to spend his life in a lunatic asylum. Framed for a homicide he did not commit, Salem becomes as vengeful as Dracula. Alone, he contrives to exit his maximum-security cell clothed only in socks, shoes, T shirt and briefs—in the dead of winter. With unrefined malice, he dispatches the framers, among them his sister (Liv Ullman), his mistress and a lawyer. Some are garroted, others drugged or axed to death. Then Salem undoes his escape, hustles back through the snow, ascends a stone wall just slightly less perilous than Everest, clambers back into his cell, locks himself in and stretches out on his pallet for some well deserved shut-eye.

The local inspector (Trevor Howard) is, of course, baffled. Circumstantial evidence convicts Salem's villainous broth-



VON SYDOW AS THE NIGHT VISITOR
Out in the cold.

er-in-law Dr. Anton Jenks (Per Oscarson). In suspecting Jenks, the inspector may be the most inept member of his profession since Peter Sellers' celebrated Inspector Clouseau, whose left hand never knew what his left hand was doing. For Salem leaves behind acres of fingerprints and miles of footprints in the brittle snow. He is undone at last by a device whose trade name is An Ironic Twist of Fate—but which is, in fact, an arbitrary solution imposed by a fatigued imagination.

Laslo Benedek's methodical direction and Henning Kristiansen's astonishing photography—a gothic mix of melancholy blue landscapes and pale, crumbling interiors—only serve to underline the film's deficiency, the utter lack of logic. Random composition is all very well in contemporary art; in the traditional thriller, it is an unwanted and fatal guest.

■ S.K.

BOOKS

Less Is Mao

RED GUARD: THE POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF DAI HSIAO-AI by Gordon A. Bennett and Ronald N. Montaperto. 267 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

As an old revolutionary, Mao Tse-tung is obsessed with the knowledge that revolutionary sacrifice swiftly settles into slothful bureaucracy and the status quo, unless the people are regularly—and forcefully—stirred up. “Revolutions and children,” he confided to André Malraux in 1965, “have to be trained if they are to be properly brought up . . . Youth must be put to the test.” Less than a year afterwards, a curious convulsion known as “the

Cultural Revolution” was under way.

Viewed from the outside, that vast ideological spasm made little sense. Millions of students were sent mysteriously on the rampage, tormenting innocent people, destroying works of art, defying local Communist authorities. Dai Hsiao-ai was one of those students. His story is neither pleasant nor easy reading. Yet it succeeds far better than anything yet published in transforming that frightening mass of unhinged automatons into boys and girls with human faces. Even before the first ammoniac whiffs of disorder drifted down from Peking in February 1966, the students at Canton's elite Kaochung Middle School, Dai writes, had been taught to believe in dramatic solutions. Drenched in Maoist doctrine since birth, they had no use for original thought. “All we cared about was implementation and results.” Getting results could just as easily mean dealing with counter-revolutionaries as with raising the pig-fat production quota. In fact, the “struggle” technique was the same for both—a sort of continuing pep rally, or ideological mass rape, during which all opposition is drowned in slogans, charges and insults.

At first, Dai and his fellow students “struggled”—with posters and speeches—against a few political malleasants in the distant government. Then the Party Central Committee announced it was necessary to repudiate the bourgeois elements that had “sneaked into the party, the government, the army and all spheres of culture.” All at once there were plenty of targets right there in school. The principal singled out two teachers for attack, and the students humiliated the victims to the point of suicide.

Then a flurry of editorials stressed that the party must be rid of “monsters and ghosts.” More teachers were hauled up to account—and the principal himself. In August, the Cantonese city and provincial party apparatus came under attack—and collapsed. Looking higher and higher for leadership as each layer of authority was discredited, the students continued to ferret out monsters and argue over the meaning of directives emanating from Peking. Advice to “destroy the Four Olds” (old ideas, old culture, old customs, old habits) sent Dai and his friends roaming through Canton, smashing anything that looked faintly bourgeois and changing street names (one group got in a fist fight with another team over whether one street should be East Is Red Road or Pioneer Road). There were minor disappointments (“Old objects became difficult to find, since people began to destroy them themselves”). But on the whole, Dai admits, “we felt like adults, really for the first time.”

Not for Long. Furnished with free train tickets, 9,000,000 students from all over China—Dai among them—were encouraged to pass through Peking in

1966. The city was a political shambles. Earlier directive charges had obliquely reflected phases of the power war between Mao and his Peking colleagues. Now came a nightmare of factionalism. Red Guards against Red Guards, with everyone still swearing passionate allegiance to Mao. The schisms had their funny side: Dai mentions one exclusive faction at Kaochung that consisted only of three boys “with a common interest in radio repair.” Much ingenuity went into naming the groups, although the *Swear to Die Defending Chairman Mao Rebellion Corps, Canton Workers United General Headquarters* was criticized by Chou En-lai as “troublesome to pronounce.”

Massive violence came next. In Canton, rival groups raided army bases for weapons and fought pitched battles. Dai took part in one where his *Red Flag* faction lost 33 dead to *Doctrine Guards* armed with “long-handled spears and throwing knives.” Even in the middle of this bloody chaos, the students never ceased debating whether or not Mao's “latest instructions” were being obeyed. When the authorities finally moved to end the fighting in the fall of 1967, most of the Red Guards, significantly, were still willing to listen, trust and obey.

Dai Hsiao-ai was an exception. Convinced that he had been used, he disgustingly seized an opportunity to cross over to Hong Kong. “There was no way to interpret [Mao's] vague directives,” he complains, “and implementing them proved impossible.” It seems probable, though, that Mao did not care how the Dais of China interpreted his directives, so long as they broke their hearts trying. After all, as he had told Malraux, “The young are not Red by birth. They have not known revolution.”

• Charles Elliott

Ring Around the Rosary

FARRAGAN'S RETREAT by Tom McHale. 311 pages. Viking. \$6.95.

The old motto, “Power perfected becomes grace,” could have been invented to describe Tom McHale's novels about Irish and Italian Catholics in America. Humor is his forte—not satire but farce. No aberration is too grotesque to be included, no character too minor to be lampooned. McHale's comedy waves over chaos like luxuriant grass over a grave.

There are many young writers with healthy reserves of rage and chaos, some indeed with little else. What distinguishes McHale is not only the fertility of his invention but the humanity—remarkable in a writer of 28—that penetrates even his crudest caricatures.

Like the eponymous hero of McHale's first novel, Arthur Farragan is a man brought low by his very decency. Instinctively he is a lover rather than a hater, a fair-minded, trusting man and an indulgent father. Despite superficial pragmatism, he never quite cracks the code that relentlessly governs life around



PEKING DEMONSTRATION, 1966

A RED GUARD ANTI-U.S. SKIT



him; that the truth is always the opposite of what it appears to be. For Farragan every encounter ends in shock; every shock releases in the author an almost Dickensian, genial savagery.

Farragan's main misfortune is his family, a pious, prejudiced, patriotic Philadelphia clan, grown rich in trucking. Sister Anna keeps her pistol—wrapped in a rosary. Brother Jim echoes her thundering rage through his favorite weapon, the telephone. Behind them looms the memory of Mother—who railroaded one son into the priesthood and choreographed the death of another because he showed homosexual leanings.

Trouble starts when Arthur's son Simon skips to Canada to avoid the draft.

DAVID SARKIS



TOM McHALE

The Philadelphia Snopeses.

A committed member of the counter-culture, Simon has already earned the clan's enmity by sending a condolence letter to Ho Chi Minh at about the same time that Anna's boy was killed in Viet Nam. As retribution, Arthur is told to fly to Montreal and shoot his son. He has no intention of doing so, but out of cowardice makes the trip. On his return he is astonished to learn that Anna has been blown up by a bomb.

From this point the plot moves at a gallop, but it is really only a stalking-horse for the author's polished mockery and his gallery of fanatics. Catholicism corrupts, he clearly thinks, and churchliness corrupts absolutely. Every plot, from Anna's murder to Arthur's adultery, has priestly blessing. Farragan's ultimate betrayer, his wife, is a seemingly saintly lady who spends her passion on canonization drives for violated virgins.

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when lampooning the fear and prosperous conventionality of middle age. Even Arthur, the only wholly human member of his family, has "two Cadillacs, two homes and safe money in Swiss banks." His friend, the mobster Serafina, has a yacht as well. Serafina is a fine parody of the Godfather. Trailed ceaselessly by the feds, he cheerfully gives their car a push when the batteries go dead. When he reads of the violence in Chicago at the Democratic Convention, he personally guards Philadelphia's Liberty Bell on the theory that no judge is going to be tough on the man who saved the ring of freedom.

Farragan is a deeper, more generous creation than *Principato*, which came out just eight months ago. The author's next book, too, will be about rich, middle-aged man under siege, a subject that McHale researched during several summers as a waiter in the Poconos. He grew up in Scranton, Pa., the eldest of six children, and attended Jesuit schools and Temple University. Now he lives in Vermont, where he calls "the last frontier in the east." He intends to keep up the writing pace as long as he has something to say, and he is fatalistic about how long that may be. It is foolhardy to predict a young writer's future, but if burgeoning energy and imagination count, McHale's rich shanty Irish may be around as long as Faulkner's Snopeses.

■ Martha Duffy

Don't Touch That Dial!

THE DICK GIBSON SHOW by Stanley Elkin. 335 pages. Random House. \$6.95.

"Though hypocrisy can take you far, it can only take you so far," says Dick Gibson, the protean-enriched radio personality of Stanley Elkin's third novel. It is one of those ebullient statements that instantly sprouts provocative questions: How far do you want to go? Who will you be when you get there?

The Dick Gibson of the title, a serio-comic straight man in a burlesque mythology of mass culture, wants to go all the way. But not vertically (to a network presidency), or even horizontally to become one of those tympanic coast-to-coast voices that always "seem to speak from the frontiers of commitment." Instead, like the wrestler in Elkin's first novel (*Boswell*) and the department store owner in his second (*A Bad Man*), Gibson craves the all-points dimension of human need.

An itinerant early media man, he has worked for dozens of small-town radio stations. As the perpetual apprentice, whetting his skills and adopting names and accents to suit geography, he evolves into part of American folklore. As Dick Gibson, the paradox of his truest identity is that he is from Nowhere, U.S.A. "Regionless my placeless vowels, my sourceless consonants," Gibson ululates into the silence and emptiness—the somber and

pervasive background of life that is Elkin's real concern. Like Scheherazade, Gibson holds fate off with talk, "life-giving and meaningless and sweet as appetite."

Between radio jobs, there are respites of sorts. Gibson spends a year as a phony invalid in a convalescent home where he enthusiastically joins the shut-in life. "Until you've potato-raced against a congenital one-legged man in a sack you haven't potato-raced," he boasts after an invalid decathlon.

As he ripens into middle age, Gibson's bizarre experiences become more public. He conducts an all-night talk show on which his guests blurt out their secret lives. A college professor whose sexual advances were rebuffed



JACKET FROM "DICK GIBSON"
Feedback from an electronic myth.

by a tough ten-year-old singing star turns to frantic logic: "Helen of Troy was nine . . . Psyche was six. When you come right down to it, how old could Eve have been—a day, two days?"

Gibson hits his peak as the star of *Night Letters*, a telephone participation show. Audience feedback creates a web of involvement and expands radio to almost mythic proportions. Spinning his dials and monitoring the tape delay device that censors callers' obscenities, Gibson is a McLuhan obfuscation made flesh—a benevolent witch doctor in an electronic village of the lonely, the sick and screwed up.

The Dick Gibson Show, like *Portnoy's Complaint*, contains enough comic material for a dozen nightclub acts. Yet it is considerably more than an entertainment. The banal and the profound, the vulgar and the touching, are humanely juggled into a vital blur—a brilliant approximation of what it is like to live with one's eyes and ears constantly open.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

And Quiet Flows the Pecos

VANDENBERG by Oliver Lange. 333 pages. Stein & Day. \$6.95.

At its best, pop literature provides a set of tracks along which the reader's fantasies can chug-chug-chug and toot-toot-toot. Len Deighton or Harold Robbins or Erich Segal paints up a few props as passive scenery—model villages with lifelike residents, a plaster panther forever in the act of springing—and the reader's imagination makes it all real. Oliver Lange, for example, posits a brief, one-sided and almost painless Russo-American war—Washington is taken, and that's about it. Afterwards, the Soviets occupy the U.S.

And then? Well, it depends on what the reader has in mind. But to help him out, the author furnishes costumes and scenery for two of the era's pervasive daydreams. One is that of facing the Grand Inquisitor, having one's day in a hopelessly hostile court. The other is that of taking to the hills, a self-reliant survivor, after the big war.

Vandenberg is neither a Senator nor an Air Force base; he is a beat-up, bad-tempered, 50-year-old New Mexico artist who is suspected of political deviation by the Soviet occupation forces. He is arrested and sent to a maximum-security rehabilitation camp.

The prison routine is not brutal, merely demeaning. Its intent is simply to ensure that the ablest Americans will be cooperative members of a smoothly functioning society. Vandenberg, who was a truculent dropout from the old society, likes the new one even less. There are moments when the interrogation scenes are better than pop and appear to be building toward a chilling foreview of post-modern society. So much that Vandenberg's therapist-interrogator says is plainly reasonable; the Soviets, by his plausible account, really are providing the greatest good for the greatest number. Very briefly, the reader is reminded of the coldly logical dialogues in *Darkness at Noon* between the old Bolshevik Rubashov and his inquisitor, Gletkin. But little in Vandenberg's sulky response is heroic, or even intelligent. In effect, he simply shrugs. He is not interested in the greatest number. All he wants is for society to leave him alone.

Nerve and high intelligence are needed to write at Koestler's level, and Author Lange does not seem to have either. The power of *Darkness at Noon* lay in the fact that the inquisitor Gletkin, proceeding logically and fairly from Rubashov's own assumptions, forced him to assent to the value of his own execution. Lange, on the other hand, flies into fantasy. There is a power failure at the brain laundry, and Vandenberg climbs the electric fence and escapes.

The remainder of the book is pure John Wayne. The ending is suitably devastating, as bits of everyone, wind-borne, ride off into the sunset.

■ John Skow

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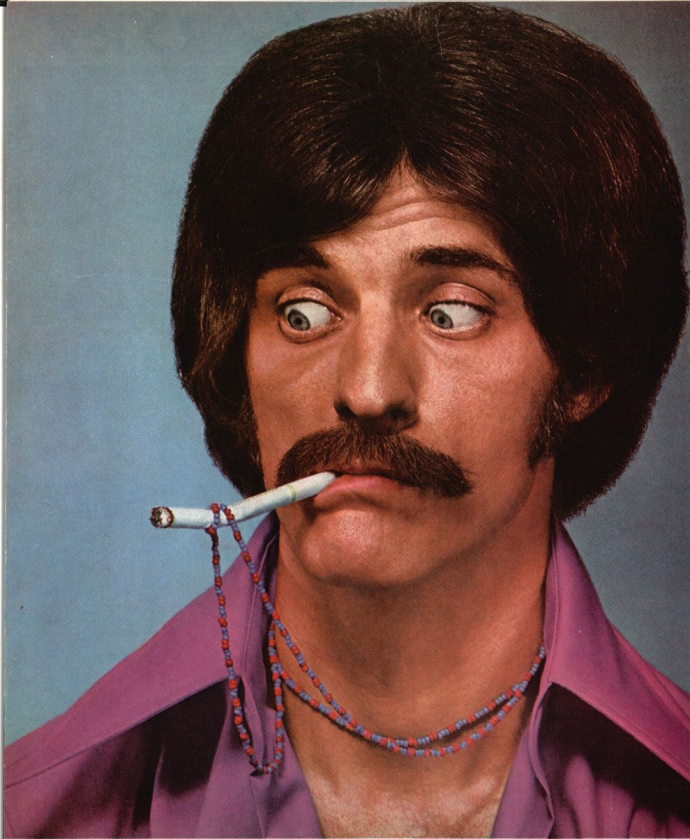
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